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A SPLENDID HAZARD

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XIX.

Breitmann Makes His First Blunder.

The secretary nerved himself and ...itted; and yet he knew what her re... would be, even before she framed ... knew it with that indescribable ...tainty which prescience occasional... grants in the space of a moment. ...fore he had spoken there had been ...pe to stand upon, for she had al...ys been gentle and kindly toward ...m, not a whit less than she had to ... others.

"Mr. Breitmann, I am sorry. I ...ver dreamed of this"; nor had she. ...e had forgotten Europeans seldom ...derstand the American girl as she ...or believe that the natural buoy...cy of spirit is as free from purpose ...intent as the play of a child. But ... this moment she remembered her ...tle and perfectly inconsequent at...tions toward this man, and seeing ...em from his viewpoint she readily ...gave him. Abroad, she was al...ys on guard; but here, among her ...n compatriots who accepted her as ...e was, she had excusably forgotten. ... am sorry if you have misunder...ood me in any way."

"I could no more help loving you ...n that those stars should cease to ...ine tonight," his voice heavy with ...otion.

"I am sorry," she could only repeat. ...n had spoken to her like this be...re, and always had the speech been ...w to her and always had a great ...d tender pity charged her heart. ...d perhaps her pity for this one was ...eater than any she had previously ...own; he seemed so lonely.

"Sorry, sorry! Does that mean there ...no hope?"

"None, Mr. Brietmann, none."

"Is there another?" his throat ...elling. But before she could an...er: "Pardon me; I did not mean ...t. I have no right to ask such a ...estion."

"And I should not have answered it ... any but my father, Mr. Breit...ann." She extended her hand. ...et us forget that you have spoken. ...should like you for a friend."

Without a word he took the hand ...d kissed it. He made no effort to ...ld it, and it slipped from his clasp ...tly.

"Good-night."

"Good night." And he never lost ...ht of her till she entered the salon...lin. He saw a star fall out of ...thing into nothing. She was sorry! ...e moment brewed a thousand wild ...ggestions. To abduct her, to carry ...r away into the mountains, to cast ... dream to the four winds, to take ...r in spite of herself. He laid his ...nd on the teak railing, wondering ... the sudden wracking pain, a pain ...ich unlinked coherent thought and ...t his mind stagnant and inert. For ...e first time he realized that his pain ...s a recurrence of former ones simi... Why? He did not know. He ...ly remembered that he had the ...in at the back of his head and that ...was generally followed by a burn... fury, a rage to rend and destroy ...ings. What was the matter?

The damp rail was cool and refresh..., and after a spell the pain dimin...ed. He shook himself free and ...od straight, his jaws hard and his ...es, absorbing what light there was ...m the stars, chatoyant. Sorry! So ...it. To have humbled himself be...re this American girl and to be ...bbed for his pains! But, patience! ...o million francs and his friends ...aiting the word from him. She ...s sorry! He laughed, and the ...ghter was not unlike that which a ...r nights gone had startled the ears ...the other woman to whom he had ...e appealed in passionate tones and ...t without success.

"Karl!"

The sight of Hildegarde at this mo...nt neither angered nor pleased ...m. He permitted her hand to lay ...on his arm.

"My head aches," he said, as if re...ing to the unspoken question in ...r eyes.

"Karl, why not give it up?" she ...aded.

"Give it up? What! when I have ...me this far, when I have gone ...ough what I have? Oh, no! Do ...think so little of me as that."

"But it is a dream!"

He shook off her hand angrily. "If ...re is to be any reckoning I shall ...y, never fear. But it will not, ...ill not fail!"

She would have liked to weep for ...m. "I would gladly give you my eyes, ...rl, if you might see it all as I see it. ...in, ruin! Can you touch this ...ney without violence? Ah, my God, ...at has blinded you to the real is...s?"

"I have not asked you to share the ...fficulties."

"No. You have not been that kind ...me."

Tonight there were no places in his ...mor for any sentiment but his own. ...want nothing but revenge,"

"I think I can read," her own bit...ness getting the better of her ton... "Miss Killigrew has declined."

"You have been listening,'5' with a ...rl.

"It has not been necessary to listen; ...eeded only to watch."

"Well, what is it to you?"

"Take care, Karl! You cannot talk ...me like that."

"Don't drive me, then. Oh," with ...sudden turn of mind, "I am sorry ...t you cannot understand."

"If I hadn't I should never have ...en you my promise not to speak. ...ere was a time when you had right ...your side, but that time ceased to ...when you lied to me. How little ...u understood me! Had you spoken ...nkly and generously at the start, ...d knows I shouldn't have refused ... But you set out to walk over my ...rt to get that miserable slip of pa... Ah! had I but known! I say to ..., you will fail utterly and miser...y. You are either blind or mad!"

Without a word in reply to this pro...cy he turned and left her; and as ...n as he had vanished she kissed the spot on the rail where his hand had rested and laid her own there. When at last she raised it, the rail was no longer merely damp, it was wet.

* * * * * * * * *

"Now there," began Fitzgerald, tak...ing M. Ferraud firmly by the sleeve, "I have come to the end of my pa...tience. What has Breitmann to do with all this business?"

"Will you permit me to polish my spectacles?" mildly asked M. Ferraud.

"It's the deuce of a job to get you into a corner," Fitzgerald declared. "But I have your promise, and you should recollect that I know things which might interest Mr. Breitmann."

"Croyez-vous qu'il pleuve? Il fait bien du vent," adjusting his spectacles and viewing the clear sky and the se...rene bosom of the Mediterranean. Then M. Ferraud turned round with: "Ah, Mr. Fitzgerald, this man Breit...mann is what you call 'poor devil,' is it not? At dinner tonight I shall tell a story, at once marvelous past belief and pathetic. I shall tell this story against my best convictions because I wish him no harm, because I should like to save him from black ruin. But, attend me; my efforts shall be as wind blowing upon stone; and I shall not save him. An alienist would tell you better than I can. Listen. You have watched him, have you not? To you he seems like any other man? Yes? Keen-witted, gifted, a bit of a musician, a good deal of a scholar? Well, had I found that paper first, there would have been no treasure hunt. I should have torn it into one thousand pieces; I should have saved him in spite of himself and have done my duty also. He is mad, mad as a whirlwind, as a tempest, as a fire, as a sandstorm."

"About what?"

"Tonight, tonight!"

And the wiry little man released himself and bustled away to his chair where he became buried in rugs and magazines.

CHAPTER XX.

An Old Scandal.

"Corsica tomorrow,' 'said the admiral.

"Napoleon," said Laura.

"Romance," said Cathewe.

"Treasures," said M. Ferraud.

Hildegarde felt uneasy. Breitmann toyed with the bread crumbs. He was inattentive besides.

"Napoleon. There is an old scandal," mused M. Ferraud. "I don't think that any of you have heard it."

"That will interest me," Fitzgerald cried, "Tell it."

M. Ferraud cleared his throat with a sharp ahem and proceeded to burnish his crystals. Specks and motes were ever adhering to them. He held them up to the light and pretended to look through them: he saw nothing but the secretary's abstraction.

"We were talking about treasures the other night," began the Frenchman, "and I came near telling it then. It is a story of Napoleon."

"Never a better moment to tell it," said the admiral, rubbing his hands in pleasurable anticipation.

"I say to you at once that the tale is known to few, and has never had any publicity, and must never have any. Remember that, if you please, Mr. Fitzgerald, and you also, Mr. Breitmann."

"I beg your pardon," said Breitmann. "I was not listening."

M. Ferraud repeated his request clearly.

"I am no longer a newspaper writer," Breitmann affirmed, clearing the fog out of his head. "A story about Napoleon; will it be true?"

"Every word of it." M. Ferraud folded his arms and sat back.

During the pause Hildegarde shivered. Something made her desire madly to thrust a hand out and cover M. Ferraud's mouth.

"We have all read much about Napoleon. I can not recall how many lives range shoulder to shoulder on the booksellers' shelves. There have been letters and memoirs, anecdotes by celebrated men and women who were his contemporaries. But there is one thing upon which we shall all agree, and that is that the emperor was in private life something of a beast. As a soldier he was the peer of all the Caesars; as a husband he was vastly inferior to any of them. This story does not concern him as emperor. If in my narrative there occurs anything offensive, correct me instantly. I speak English fluently, but there are still some idioms I trip on."

"I'll trust you to steer straight enough," said the admiral.

"Thank you. Well, then, once upon a time Napoleon was in Bavaria. The country was at that time his ablest ally. There was a pretty peasant girl."

A knife clattered to the floor. "Pardon!" whispered Hildegarde to Cathewe. "I am clumsy." She was as white as the linen.

Breitmann went on with his crumbs.

"I believe," continued M. Ferraud, "that it was in the year 1813 that the emperor received a peculiar letter. It begged that a title be conferred upon a pretty little peasant boy. The emperor was a grim humorist, I may say in passing; and for this infant he created a baronetcy, threw in a parcel of land, and a purse. That was the end of it, as far as it related to the emperor. Waterloo came and with it vanished the empire; and it would be a long time before a baron of the empire returned to any degree of popularity. For years the matter was forgotten. The documents in the case, letters of patent, the deeds and titles to the land, and a single Napoleonic scrawl, these gathered dust in the loft. When I heard this tale the thing which appealed to me most keenly was the thought that over in Bavaria there exists the only real direct strain of Napoleonic blood: a Teuton, one of those who had brought about the downfall of the empire."

"You say exists?" interjected Cathewe.

"Exists," laconically.

"You have proofs?" demanded Fitzgerald.

"The very best in the world. I have not only seen those patents, but I have seen the man."

"Very interesting," agreed Breitmann, brushing the crumbs into his hand and dropping them on his plate. "But, go on."

"What a man!" breathed Fitzgerald, who began to see the drift of things.

"I proceed, then. Two generations passed. I doubt if the third generation of this family has ever heard of the affair. One day the last of his race, in clearing up the salable things in his house—for he had decided to lease it—stumbled on the scant history of his forebears. He was at school then; a promising youngster, brave, cheerful, full of adventure and curiosity. Contrary to the natural sequence of events, he chose the navy, where he did very well. But in some way Germany found out what France already knew. Here was a fine chance for a stroke of politics. France had always watched; without fear, however, but with half-formed wonder. Germany considered the case: why not turn this young fellow loose on France, to worry and to harry her? So, quietly Germany bore on the youth in that cold-blooded, Teutonic way she has, and forced him out of the navy.

"He was poor, and poverty among German officers, in either branch, is a bad thing. Our young friend did not penetrate the cause of this at first; for he had no intention of utilizing his papers, save to dream over them. The blood of his great forebear refused to let him bow under this unjust stroke. He sought a craft, an interesting one. The net again closed in on him. He began to grow desperate, and desperation was what Germany desired. Desperation would make a tool of the young fellow. But our young Napoleon was not without wit. He plotted, but so cleverly and secretly that never a hand could reach out to stay him. Germany finally offered him an immense bribe. He threw it back, for now he hated Germany more than he hated France. You wonder why he hated France? If France had not discarded her empire—I do not refer to the second empire—he would have been a great personage today. At least this must be one of his ideas.

"And there you are," abruptly. "Here we have a Napoleon, indeed with all the patience of his great forebear. If Germany had left him alone he would today have been a good citizen, who would never have permitted futile dreams to enter his head, and who would have contemplated his greatness with the smile of a philosopher. And who can say where this will end? It is pitiful."

"Pitiful?" repeated Breitmann. "Why that?" calmly.

M. Ferraud repressed the admiration in his eyes. It was a singular duel. "When we see a madman rushing blindly over a precipice it is a human instinct to reach out a hand to save him."

"But how do you know he is rushing blindly?" Breitmann smiled this question.

Hildegarde sent him a terrified glance. But for the stiff back of her chair she must have fallen.

M. Ferraud demolished an olive before he answered the question. "He has allied himself with some of the noblest houses in France; that is to say, with the most heartless spendthrifts in Europe. Napoleon IV? They are laughing behind his back this very minute. They are making a cat's-paw of his really magnificent fight for their own ignoble ends, the Orleanist party. To wreak petty vengeance on France, for which none of them has any love; to embroil the government and the army that they may tell of it in the boudoirs. This is the air they have in view. What is it to them that they break a strong man's heart? What is it to them if he be given over to perpetual imprisonment? Did a Bourbon ever love France as a country? Has not France always represented to them a purse into which they might thrust their dishonest hands to pay for their base pleasures? Oh, beware of the conspirator whose sole portion in life is that of pleasure! I wish that I could se this young man and tell him all I know. If I could only warn him."

Breitmann brushed his sleeve. "I am really disappointed in your climax," returned M. Ferraud. "That has yet to be enacted."

"Ah!"

"A descendant of Napoleon, direct! Poor devil!" The admiral was thunderstruck. "Why, the very spirit of Napoleon is dead. Nothing could ever revive it. It would not live even a hundred days."

"Less than that many hours," said M. Ferraud. "He will be arrested the moment he touches a French port."

"Father," cried Laura, with a burst of generosity which not only warmed her heart but her cheeks, "why not find this poor, deluded young man and give him the treasure?"

"What, and ruin him morally as well as politically? No, Laura; with money he might become a menace."

"On the contrary," pnt in M. Ferraud, "with money he might be made to put away his mad dream. But I'm afraid that my story has made you all gloomy."

"It has made me sad," Laura admitted. "Think of the struggle, the self-denial, and never a soul to tell him he is mad."

The scars faded a little, but Breitmann's eyes never wavered.

"The man hasn't a ghost of a chance." To Fitzgerald it was now no puzzle why Breitmann's resemblance to some one else had haunted him. He was rather bewildered, for he had not expected so large an order upon M. Feraud's promise. "Fifty years ago. . ."

"Ah! Fifty years ago," interrupted M. Ferraud eagerly, "I should have thrown my little to the cause. Men and times were different then; the world was less sordid and more romantic."

"Well, I shall always hold that we have no right to that treasure."

"Fiddlesticks, Laura! This is no item for sentiment. The questions buzzing in my head are: Does this man know of the treasure's existence? Might he not already have put his hand upon it?"

"Your own papers discredit that supposition," replied Cathewe. "A stunning yarn, and rather hard to believe in these skeptical times. What is it?" he asked softly, noting the dead white on Hildegarde's cheeks.

"Perhaps it is the smoke," she answered with a brave attempt at a smile.

The admiral in his excitement had lighted a heavy cigar and was consuming it with jerky puffs, a bit of thoughtlessness rather pardonable under the stress of the moment. For he was beginning to entertain doubts. It was not impossible for this Napoleonic chap to have a chart, to know of the treasure's existence. He wished he had heard this story before. He would have left the women at home. Corsica was not wholly civilized, and who could tell what might happen there? Yes, the admiral had his doubts.

"I should like to know the end of the story," said Breitmann musingly.

"There is time," replied M. Ferraud; and of them all, only Fitzgerald caught the sinister undercurrent.

"So, Miss Killigrew, you believe that this treasure should be handed over to its legal owner?" Breitmann looked into her eyes for the first time that evening.

"I have some doubt about the legal ownership, but the sentimental and moral ownership is his. A romance should always have a pleasant ending."

"You are thinking of books," was Cathewe's comment. "In life there is more adventure than romance, and there is seldom anything more incomplete in every-day life than romance."

"That would be my own exposition, Mr. Cathewe," said Breitmann.

The two fenced briefly. They understood each other tolerably well; only, Cathewe as yet did not know the manner of the man with whom he was matched.

The dinner came to an end, or, rather, the diners rose, the dinner having this hour or more been cleared from the table; and each went to his or her state-room mastered by various degrees of astonishment. Fitzgerald moved in a kind of waking sleep. Napoleon IV! That there was a bar sinister did not matter. The dazzle radiated from a single point, a dream of empire! M. Ferraud had not jected; Breitmann was mad; obsessed, monomaniac. It was grotesque; it troubled the senses as a Harlequin's dance troubles the eyes. A great-grandson of Napoleon, and plotting to enter France! And, good Lord! with what? Two million francs and half a dozen spendthrifts. Never had there been a wilder, more hopeless dreamer than this! Whatever antagonism or anger he had harbored against Breitmann evaporated. Poor devil, indeed!

He understood M. Ferraud now. Breitmann was mad; but till he made a decisive stroke no man could stay him. So many things were clear now. He was after the treasure, and he meant to lay his hands upon it, peacefully if he could, violently if no other way opened. That day in the Invalides, the old days in the field, his unaccountable appearance on the Jersey coast; each of these things squared themselves in what had been a puzzle. But, like the admiral, he wished that there were no women on board. There would be a contest of some order, going forward, where only men would be needed. Pirates! He rolled into his bunk with a dry laugh.

Meantime M. Ferraud walked the deck alone, and finally when Breitmann approached him, it was no more than he had been expecting.

"Among other things," began the secretary, with ominous calm, "I should like to see the impression of your thumb."

"That lock was an ingenious contrivance. It was only by the merest accident I discovered it."

"It must be a vile business."

"Serving one's country? I do not agree with you. Wait a moment, Mr. Breitmann; let us not misunderstand each other. I do not know what fear is; but I do know that I am one of the few living who put above all other things in the world, France: France with her wide and beautiful valleys, her splendid mountains, her present peace and prosperity. And my life is nothing if in giving it I may confer a benefit."

"Why did you not tell the whole story? A Frenchman, and to deny oneself a climax like this?"

M. Ferraud remained silent.

"If you had not meddled! Well, you have, and these others must bear the brunt with you, should anything serious happen."

"Without my permission you will not remain in Ajaccio a single hour. But that would not satisfy me. I wish to prove to you your blindness. I will make you a proposition. Tear up those papers, erase the memory from your mind, and I will place in your hands every franc of those two millions."

Breitmann laughed harshly. "You have said that I am mad; very well, I am. But I know what I know, and I shall go on to the end. You are clever. I do not know who you are nor why you are here with your warnings; but this will I say to you: tomorrow we land, and every hour you are there, death shall lurk at your elbow. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly. So well, that I shall let you go freely."

"A warning for each, then; only mine has death in it."

"And mine, nothing but good-will and peace."

To Be Continued.

The Singer of One Song.

He sang one song and died—no more but that;
A single song and carelessly complete,
He would not bind and thrash his chance-grown wheat,
Nor bring his wild fruit to the common vat
To store in the acid rinsings, thin and flat,
Squeezed from the press or trodden under feet.
A few slow beads, blood red and honey sweet,
Oozed from the grape, which burst and split its fat.
But Time, who soonest drops the heaviest things
That weigh his pack, will carry diamonds long,
So, through the poet's orchestra, which weaves
One music from a thousand straps and strings,
Pierces the note of that immortal song:
"High over all the lonely bugle grieves."

—Henry A. Beers.

The Airman's Heart.

London Globe.

M. Dastre, one of the professors in the Faculty of Sciences in Paris, recently read a paper before the academy, the subject dealt with being "Mal des Aviateurs." The trouble of aviators is said to be very like mountain sickness, only it comes on much more rapidly. The sensation is experienced at a height of about 4,000 feet and again in the descent.

One thing M. Dastre endeavored to impress upon his hearers was that a sound heart was before all things necessary for those ascending to great heights. Another point of advice was that any one who had experienced ill effects from an ascent should not allow the matter to rest when the sensations had passed away. He should make a point of consulting his doctor at the earliest opportunity.

Long School Hours.

London Chronicle.

The Austrian minister of education has issued a decree denouncing the long hours enforced in the schools of the empire, amounting in some cases to 45 a week. This would have seemed a very mild regime, to some old time pedagogue. In Scotland up to the middle of the eighteenth century usual school hours were from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., with two breaks of an hour each. Some schools opened an hour earlier and worked so long as daylight lasted. No alternation in the hours was made on Saturday, and even on Sunday a certain amount of school work was done. The holidays were restricted to a day at Candlemas, and at Whitsun and a fortnight to the autumn.

Bible for Chinese Emperor.

London Globe.

The Chinese Christians about a dozen years ago presented the dowager empress with a magnificent copy of the Scriptures translated into Chinese. It was a fine example of modern penmanship, the writing being on silk and the covers of the Bible being of silver. The gift was graciously received and her majesty read the book. This excited the emperor's curiosity and he ordered one of the eunuchs to obtain for him a copy of the New Testament.

The books formed part of the loot of the Forbidden City in 1900. The emperor was a close student of the Testament which was freely annotated by him. The Bible was found in the empress' chamber and the Testament in the emperor's study. The future ruler has been presented with another and less pretentious copy, but this has cost £800. The regent in accepting the gift at the hands of the American minister promised his excellency that as soon as the emperor has mastered his rudiments he shall study the sacred writings.

Mixed Relationships.

London News.

"I have always fancied," a correspondent writes, "that in the matter of odd personal relationships there was nobody in English history at all like Robert Boyle, the eminent man of science, who was described as 'the father of English chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork.' But this worthy, your readers may be interested to learn, has a rival in the renowned Devonian, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'the father of electrical science and half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh.' This delightful touch I found the other day in the Borough Guide to Dartmouth, a twopenny booklet, 'issued under the auspices of the Dartmouth Town Council and of the United Devon association.'"

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING JUNE

Venus Now Seen With the Naked Eye at Noon in Full Daylight—On June 7th Moon Passes Quite Near Jupiter.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

The very last of the winter constellations has now nearly left the evening sky. This is the group called the Twins, whose two bright stars, Castor and Pollux, shine out very near the ground in the west, but which each evening sink a little lower and before the month has passed will withdraw from the evening heavens, not to reappear until next November. Meanwhile in the east, there has appeared the wonderful summer branch of the Milky Way, lying along whose golden stream are the beautiful Cassiopoea, the Northern Cross and the Eagle . As the weeks go by this will rise even higher, but not until next September will it span the evening heavens with an arch exactly overhead.

The bright stars in the south are now the bluish Spica, or Ear of Wheat, in the very long, faint group of the Virgin, the brilliant, golden-yellow Arcturus and the fiery red Antares. The last, which is the brightest star of the very striking group of the Scorpion, is believed to be a very old sun, surrounded by a wonderfully dense and heavy atmosphere of hot gases; it is to the absorbing effect of this heavy blanket that its red color is due. Like most of the red stars, Antares has only a very small apparent motion; that is, it can hardly be seen o drift over the sky at all, even when measured with the most powerful telescopes. From this we are sure that the stars of this kind are immensely remote from us, and since, notwithstanding their great distance, some of them look very bright, it must be that they are actually many hundreds, and perhaps many thousands of times brighter than our own sun.

Stars Which Drift Through Space Together.

It may tbe that many of these little reddish stars form a little cloud of their own at an immeasurable distance away from us. For it has been one of the most interesting of all the quite recent discoveries in astronomy that many of the stars in the sky are grouped together, as it were in flocks, all the stars of a flock drifting through space along nearly parallel lines. The stars of one flock may appear to us to be widely separated on the sky, for it must not be forgotten that we are plunged inside the great cloud of stars of which our sun is a part, and that it is therefore difficult for us to form a right conception of the true distribution in space of the multitude of suns around us. For example, the brilliant Dog Star, Sirius, and five of the stars in the Great Bear form one little family, and are all drifting through space together. Similarly, there are about 100 stars which are drifting along with our own sun at a speed of about 11 miles a second. In the Bull a similar flock of 39 stars has been found, and very recently 7 widely separated stars, of which Antares is one, have been shown to be moving through space together.

It is a most interesting fact that in many cases stars which are in a similar condition are found associated together. The most extreme examples of this are the densely packed clusters, a large proportion of whose stars are variable may flash out with four or five times its ordinary light at regular intervals of a few hours, although they do not all brighten at the same time, nor are their periods exactly equal. But the very great similarity in their variation makes it nearly certain that the separate suns of each wonderfully great aggregation are very similar to each other.

Surrounding us in every direction there is the wonderful universe of hundreds of million of suns, of which our own sun is a small and inconspicuous member. All of these suns are drifting through space with high velocities in every direction—like bees in a swarm—and yet they are so infinitely far apart from one another that collisions between them can almost never occur. It is estimated that the average distance between any two stars is at least 10 light years. It used to be said that each star is moving quite independently of every other star, but we now know that this is not strictly true. In certain regions of the universe, which are as nothing when compared with the entire, visible universe itself, great clouds of material must once have been drifting along as a whole, and the stars into which this material at last developed are now drifting together. The study of the true structure and motions of our universe will doubtless occupy the minds of astronomers for many centuries to come.

During the whole of June the magnificent evening star, Venus, runs rapidly eastward, climbing higher in the heavens and growing ever brighter each night. So rapid is its eastward motion that it will pass entirely across Cancer and well into the Sickle, almost reaching the bright star Regulus. It has not yet reached the crescent phase, but will be seen in a small telescope to be a very little more than half full; it does not become an exact half circle until July 5. It is now so directly approaching the earth that it is growing noticeably larger. During the month its diameter will increase one-third in size, and by autumn the planet will appear nearly four times as large as at present. It will then, however, only be visible as a very narrow crescent.

The brilliant Jupiter is now almost exactly south, and will at once be seen shining out a little to the right of the Balances and to the left of Spica. It is now moving slowly westward into Virgo, but on July 2 its westward motion will cease, and it will then begin to move eastward again. On the night of June 7 the moon will be seen to pass below and quite near to the planet, the center of the moon passing exactly south of the center of Jupiter as six minutes past midnight (Eastern standard time). Even when nearest, the two bodies will seem to be separated by a distance of one and one-half times as great as the distance across the moon's disc. But if we could walk southward over the earth, we would see our nearby satellite apparently rising higher and higher in the sky, and we would be able to look continually farther under its lower edge, until, when we had reached a latitude of 22 degrees below the equator, we would see its upper edge just graze the planet. Observers betwen this latitude and the South Pole may see the most interesting sight of an occultation of Jupiter by the moon. Though we are too far north to witness this, yet the figure formed by the two bright bodies so near together in the sky will be most beautiful and striking. In a similar manner our moon passes the brilliant Venus on June 29, but as the nearest approach then occurs at seven minutes past noon, it cannot well be seen by observers in this hemisphere.

Mercury reaches its greatest distance west of the sun on June 1, and may be seen for a few days before and after this time shining out near the ground in the southeast for a short time before sunrise. Neptune is in the constellation Gemini, but it is not favorably situated for observation. The other planets are now morning stars.

One June 22, at 8 a. m., the sun will reach its highest point in the heavens and summer will begin. This is the longest day of the year; at noon the shadows cast by trees and other objects will, therefore, be the shortest of the year. It will be remembered that by carefully measuring the shadows of their obelisks in this way the Egyptians and other early people determined the beginning and end of their seasons, and adjusted their yearly calendar.

Seeing Venus in the Daytime.

Our evening star is now so very bright that is can readily be seen with the naked eye in full daylight, or even exactly at noon, and this observation will be still more easily possible all through the summer until the planet attains its greatest brightness on August 10. It is necessary, however, to know exactly in what part of the bright sky the planet will be found, and for this purpose its true direction from the observer must be found by the sun or by a star..

One June 7 the planet is exactly as high in the sky as the sun, and it follows it by three hours and eight minutes. That is, if we look at the sun at any hour during this day, and then wait for three hours and ten minutes, the planet at the end of this time will be seen at exactly the same place in the sky that the sun occupied at first. If, therefore, the reader will go out of doors and place himself in such a position that the disc of the sun is at the corner of some distant roof, or at the extreme top of a telegraph pole or other object (for which observation he will require a smoked,or dark glass), and if three hours and eight minutes later he will again place himself in exactly the same position, he will see the planet shining out at the roof corner or other place where the sun was before.

On June 1 the planet follows the sun by three hours and four minutes, and it is two degrees north of the sun, so that it must be looked for at a distance above the first portion of the sun equal to four times the distance across the sun's disc. On June 12 Venus follows the sun three hours and ten minutes, and it is then two degrees south of the sun. From these figures the reader can readily find the planet at any time during the first two weeks of the month. When observing it the direct light of the sun must be screened from the eyes, especially if the sun is high in the sky at the time.

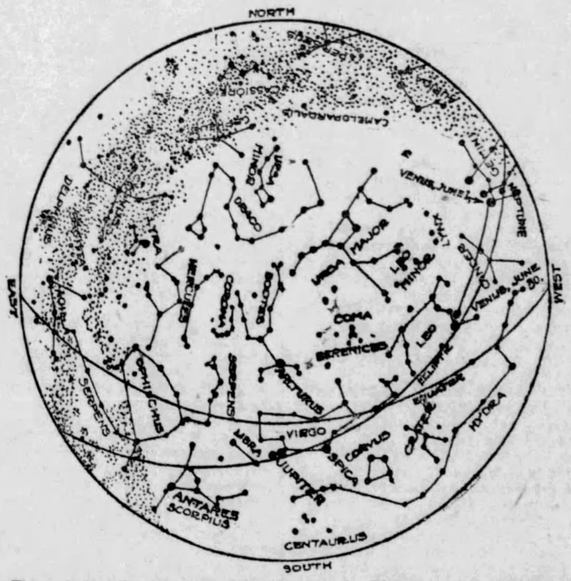

Figure 1—The Constellations at 9 p. m., June 1. (If facing south hold the map upright. If facing west hold "West" below; if facing east hold "East" below. If facing north hold the map inverted.)

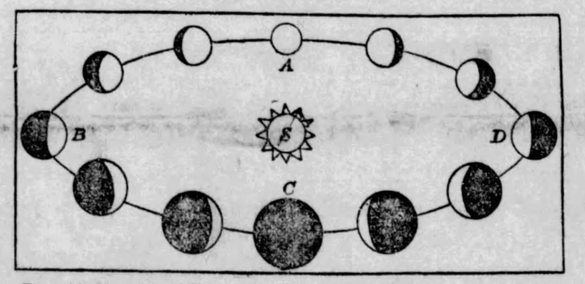

Figure 2—The path of Venus about the sun, showing its apparent change in size and the cause of its phases. The planet will arrive at the point B on July 2, at C on September 15, and at D on November 26. It will be a brilliant morning star.

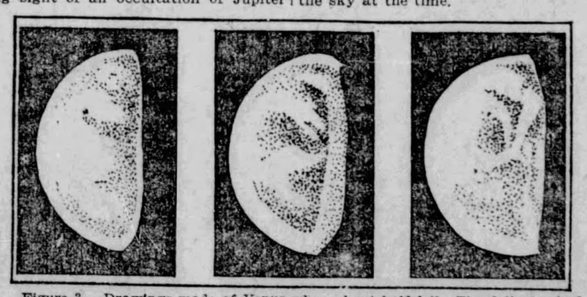

Figure 3—Drawings made of Venus when about half full. The delicate shadings and white areas may be the planet's surface seen directly through the clouds, but it is more probable that they are themselves merely cloud forms.

A SLEEPING MEMORY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XXXVII—Continued.

"Look again," she murmured, without turning her head.

He stood up and gazed along the sea shore with his hands shading his eyes. And this time, in the far distance, he saw the figure of a man coming toward them. Something in the walk, even though as yet he was a long way off, seemed familiar. A sense of sudden excitement thrilled him. Was this to be a day of crises?

"What do you see?" she asked..

"There is a man coming towards us," he answered slowly. "It is too far off to say who he may be. A fisherman perhaps, or a tourist."

She laughed hardly. "It is Trowse," said she.

Powers felt in his pocket, and as he withdrew his hand, something flashed like steel in the sunlight.

"If it be he, what matter," he said. "He knows my mind. I am a man, Eleanor, and I am able to protect you. I will not suffer him even to come near."

"You cannot stop him."

"We shall see," he answered grimly.

They sat together in silence. The color had faded from Eleanor's cheeks. Her eyes were dilated, the fingers which Powers still held were as cold as ice. Once or twice she shuddered as though seized with a sudden spasm of fear. And as he watched her, Powers was filled with silent rage.

Nearer and nearer the man came. Soon there was no longer room for any doubt. It was Trowse. He wore a gray homespun suit and a soft hat. In the fierce sunlight he looked thinner and paler than ever. When he saw them he raised his hat with a little flourish; but they neither of them returned his greeting, and Powers rose to his feet.

"Stay where you are, Trowse!" he called out.

Trowse came to a standstill. He was about twenty paces off. He addressed Powers, but his eyes traveled beyond him to where the girl sat, pale and terrified.

"This is strange hospitality, my friend," he said. "I have come down to see you—and to have a talk with Miss Hardinge."

She rose quickly to her feet. "I am here!" she answered.

Powers' grip upon her wrist was like iron. He replaced his revolver in his pocket. After all, here in the open, man to man, he was more than a match for Trowse.

"You have had fair warning, Trowse," he said. "I will not suffer you to come near Miss Hardinge, nor am I prepared to receive you at my house."

Already she was struggling to leave him, but Powers held her as though in a vise.

"Let me go!" she cried, in a low, wailing tone. "Let me go!"

"Not I!" he answered firmly. "Trowse, you have your answer. Miss Hardinge in a few weeks will be my wife. I have, therefore, every right to protect her. And I shall do it."

Trowse laughed softly.

"It is an excellent method of appropriation, my friend," he said. "Am I to conclude from your—somewhat belligerent manner that you propose to exclude me from the benefit—and the pleasure — of Miss Hardinge's society?"

"That is my intention," Powers answered. "Be wise, Trowse. You cannot understand my attitude. No matter! We are cast in different moulds. My scientific curiosity is dead. Eleanor is to be my wife, and I will suffer no more of these hellish experiments."

"You appear to forget," Trowse said slowly, "that I am the sharer of your knowledge as to this young lady's antecedents."

"There is no longer any secret to be kept," Powers answered. "Eleanor's identity has been admitted. She herself knows everything."

Trowse looked at her keenly. "Is this true?" he asked.

"It is true!" she answered.

"I want you to come to me," he said.

"I want to come. He will not let me."

She struggled with Powers, but he would not let her go. Trowse shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps not today," he said coolly, "or tomorrow, but my power is for always. You have only to turn your back, and she will come to me. It is true, is it not, Eleanor?"

"It is true," she murmured.

"You will marry her — knowing that?" Trowse asked.

"You waste your breath, Trowse," Powers declared. "I shall marry her, and your infernal power will wane and die as she grows into a more natural state of health. And remember, Trowse, that I am in deadly earnest over this. Don't think I'm talking heroics. I shall kill you, whatever may happen to me, if you defy me."

Trowse laughed scornfully.

"It may be," he said, "that you will have to drag the young lady to the altar. Hold her tightly, Powers. Mind, or she will scream."

She cried out, obeying the suggestion almost before the words were out of his lips. Then Powers, in a sudden passion, caught her up, and turning towards the house, strode away with Eleanor, still unwilling, a dead weight in his arms. Trowse climbed to the top of the little sandhill and watched them till they were out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

At dinner time Eleanor was in turn brilliant and sullen. At times she talked with all her old spirit, even spoke of their cruise, and delighted Powers by a certain wistfulness in her tone, and in her deep, clear eyes, at

The Secret of Success

Genuine Merit Required to Win the People's Confidence

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been cured, to those who are in need of it.

In an interview on the subject a prominent local druggist says: "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows immediate results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfils every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

A free trial bottle will be sent by mail, absolutely free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper. Regular size bottles sold at all druggists—50c. and $1.00.

every reference to it. Then there were intervals when every vestige of color faded from her face, when her eyes became fixed and expressionless, and when, with head turned toward the window, she seemed to be listening intently. At such times she became deaf to all questions and remarks. She ignored both Powers and Marian. She looked through the French window across the marshes seawards, and was peculiarly susceptible to all sounds from outside. She started from her seat at the call of the sea birds, the heavy tramping of feet as a group of fishermen passed along the road towards the village filled her with alarm. Afterwards Powers took her by the arm and led her out into the garden.

"Eleanor," he said, looking at her steadfastly, "I want you to listen to me for a moment."

"Well!"

"You are alarming yourself unnecessarily. Trowse is a man of ordinary common sense. He will not trouble you again, I am sure. He will go away."

She shook her head.

"You are wrong," she said. "Tonight he will come—and I must go to him."

"I forbid it," Powers said firmly. "You understand, Eleanor. You have promised to be my wife. I have the right to a certain amount of control over you, of consideration from you. I will permit no intercourse between you and Trowse."

She laughed strangely.

"You cannot stop it. I cannot prevent it," she said, "if it is his will. When he calls I must go."

"If he comes," Powers said, "he risks his life. I do not think that he will come."

She leaned over towards him. Her fingers burned his wrist, her eyes were lit with fire.

"Why don't you kill him, Powers? You could do it. You are strong—much stronger than he is. And whilst he lives there will never be any rest for me."

Marian came sweeping out to them through the open window. In the twilight she saw nothing of the horror on her brother's face.

"I forgot to tell you people," she remarked, "that I had a visitor this afternoon."

There was a moment's intense silence.

"I suppose you met him—Dr. Trowse. I sent him along the sands. He is staying close here."

"Yes, we met him," her brother answered.

"I quite expected that you would have brought him back to dine," Marian remarked, settling herself down in her easy-chair. "I offered him some tea, but he would not stop. What is it, Morton?"

A servant had approached noiselessly across the smooth-shaven lawn.

"A fisherman from the village desires to see the master, miss," the man answered. "He said that his name was Gregg, and that he had come about a punt."

Powers rose up at once.

"It is quite right," he said. "I must go in and see him for a moment. Perhaps we can arrange for our duck-shooting tomorrow."

He crossed the lawn and entered the house. The two girls were alone. Marian leaned over through the twilight.

"Eleanor," she said, "I have been thinking a good deal about the events of the last twenty-four hours here. Powers has told me everything. I want to wish you every happiness, dear."

"You are very kind, Eleanor whispered faintly. Once more her head was raised as one who listens—her thoughts seemed to have taken flight.

"I am afraid you must think me a little unsympathetic," Marian went on. "You see, your whole story sounded so strangely at first. But I have been thinking it over, and I am very glad that you are going to marry Powers. I hope that you will both be very happy."

There came no answer, and Marian, looking more closely towards Eleanor, surprised at her silence, was amazed at the sudden change in her appearance. Every vestige of color had left her cheeks—even to the lips she was ashen pale. Her eyes, dilated and lit with fear, were turned fixedly seawards. She was trembling, and gave no sign of having heard a word of Marian's speech. She rose hastily to her feet and stood for a moment breathing convulsively, swaying a little as though not certain of her balance. Marian was startled.

"What is it, Eleanor?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

But Eleanor raised her hands for a moment in a gesture of despair almost tragical. They dropped heavily to her side. With surprising swiftness she turned speechless away towards the bank which alone divided their gardens from the marsh land. Even while Marian watched she vanished amongst the shadows.

Powers came out and found his sister standing upon the bank, straining her eyes through the gathering darkness. A sudden fear struck terror to his heart.

"Where is Eleanor?" he cried.

Marian turned round.

"She is a foolish girl," she answered severely. "She glided away like a ghost a few minutes ago. I—Powers, are you mad!"

For Powers, running up the steep sloping turf like a man possessed, had leaped from the top of the bank on to the marsh land below. The black mud oozed up over his ankles. He took no heed of it, but turned at once seaward.

"Marian," he called out. "send one of the men after me with a lantern! At once, please."

He waded through a small creek, stumbled through a ditch, and reached the bank which led to the shore. Below the road was under water. The tide swept past him with a soft, deep swirl. Away to the right was a great tidal lake, with here and there islands of uncovered marsh land wreathed in gray mist. He could see only a yard or two in front of him—and the top of the bank was narrow. He stood quite still for a moment, listening intently. Everywhere was silence, save for the soft murmuring far-away changeless undernote of the dark waters below, and the sea itself, breaking upon the rocky shore. Nowhere a sign of any human being. Yet she could not be far away. Once more he listened. Away ahead he almost fancied that he could catch the sound of a stifled cry. He moved on a few paces, then stopped short. For the night was suddenly made hideous by an awful sound. The blood in his veins ran cold, he reeled and nearly fell from the steep bank. It was worse than any cry of pain or terror, worse than any frantic shriek for help from one hard beset. It was the mad laughter of a woman. Too well Powers knew the sound. Surely this was the knell of his hopes.

He sprang forward, fired with a sudden fierce passion. At least he would keep his word. He would not be flouted with impunity. The blood rushed to his head, his thoughts were murderous. Then there loomed suddenly before him the gray figure of the girl whom he sought, dimly visible against the empty background of sea and sky. She was leaning forward, peering eagerly into the water below. He called to her softly:

"Eleanor, is that you?"

She turned sharply round. The darkness enveloped him closely.

"It is I—Powers!" he cried hoarsely. "What are you doing here, Eleanor? What is it that you are watching?"

She caught at his coat-sleeve and dragged him down. The first note of her voice terrified him.

"Can't you see? Can't you see, Powers? Look there!"

He went down on his knees and peered forward. A dark object bobbed up and down in the water. It was like a log of wood or a bundle of old clothes.

"What is it, Eleanor?" he asked. "I can see nothing."

Again she laughed, and again he shuddered.

"Brave little man!" she cried approvingly. "He kept his word. They are both there, Powers—locked together. Trowse was taken by surprise. The little man stole up behind him, and when Trowse would have called out he stuffed something in his mouth. Then they struggled, and Trowse lost his footing, and they rolled down the bank. The little man was like a limpet, Powers. He wound himself round Trowse like a weed, and I think they are both drowned."

Powers woke from his lethargy, shouted to the servant, who, with a lantern like a great will-o'-the-wisp, was already in sight, and scrambled down the side of the bank into the dark, cool water. It was up to his waist, and for a moment or two he stretched about aimlessly. Then his hand struck something soft, and a low cry of horror broke from his lips. The light from the servant's lantern came traveling up over the surface of the water. It stopped upon a hedeous sight. Trowse and Johnson were locked in each other's arms. Their clothes were already sodden and stained with seaweed—the faces of both were still distorted by that last desperate struggle. Powers, scarcely able to keep his feet owing to the strong, silent tide, was suddenly sick and dizzy. For a moment he closed his eyes. Eleanor called softly out to him:

"He is dead, Powers. I am sure that he is dead. I am free!"

He looked up at her. She suddenly threw her hands up to the skies.

"Free!" she cried. "He is dead. The little man has killed him."

Again she laughed, a long and evil laugh, and Powers caught his breath and watched that ghastly burden borne slowly seawards. Mason, with his lantern, had stopped short in the dyke path. The sound of her laugh was terrifying. He was afraid.

"You must come down here, Mason. Scramble down the bank. Keep the lantern well over your head."

Mason obeyed, and Eleanor watched the two men groping about.

"You will never find him!" she cried. "He has gone out to the sea, and the little man's arm is tight around his neck. He has gone where Ulric and the others lie. Let him sleep there, Powers. Better there than the churchyard."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The great German doctor looked at Powers benevolently through his thick, double glasses. He closed the door behind him carefully.

"My young friend," he said, "the work is finished. My last visit to this most interesting of patients has been paid. I await now only the confirmation of our theories."

Powers, though outwardly cool, was trembling with excitement.

"I can go to her?" he asked. "You recommend it? The moment has arrived?"

"It has arrived," Herr Raucheen affirmed. "She is strong enough to bear your presence—to talk in moderation. Myself I will await here the result. It is an experiment the most interesting of any I have ever known."

Powers moved towards the door, but the professor called him back.

"My young friend," he said, "one moment. There is no hurry. I would ask you a question."

"Well?"

"You say the room is the same, the nurse is the same. Good! Have you the clothes she arrived in?"

"They are there in full view," Powers answered. "I have spent many hours thinking out the details. She has come back to consciousness amongst precisely the same surroundings as when she first came to me eight months ago."

"Very good indeed," the professor declared. "Now you shall go to her, and I will smoke. Do not hurry. Assure yourself completely. Meanwhile I will wait for you here."

Once more Powers hesitated, with his foot upon the threshold of her room. It seemed so short a time ago since he stood there before on his way to his first interview with her since his great experiment. But his interest was no longer scientific. He knew very well that the next few minutes was to make or mar his life. The professor had given him hope; their theories had been based upon at any rate a sound basis. But the issue was the greatest he had ever put to the test. With it was bound up the whole welfare of the woman he loved. His heart was filled with a great longing. He entered the room without his usual confidence. Yet the moment he saw her his heart beat with passionate hope.

She was lying upon a sofa, her hair loosely coiled upon the top of her head, clad in a becoming morning wrap, white, with streaming ribbons. At the sound of the opening door she turned her head, and she greeted him with a faint smile. As their eyes met he felt once more that passionate thrill of hope. For the change in her face was manifest. This was neither the brilliantly beautiful but soulless child who had taken London by storm, nor the mystic, moody girl, hovering ever on the brink of insanity, who had sung to him upon the seashore, and laughed with unholy joy at those later and more tragic happenings. It was the girl who had been his companion at the theatre, the Eleanor of his earlier knowledge, who greeted him now half shyly, yet with a certain mischevious look in her clear, soft eyes.

"So, after all," she murmured, looking up at him, "I am a disappointment. The great experiment is a failure. I really haven't forgotten a single thing."

He sat down beside her, and returned her smile.

"Hang the experiment!" he declared cheerfully. "I lost all interest in that long ago. All that I have been anxious for has been your recovery."

She smiled again with pleasure.

"I am so glad," she said. "I was afraid you would be terribly disappointed. It really isn't my fault, is it"

"Not in the least," he assured her heartily. "You were an excellent subject. I suppose," he added, struggling to keep the anxiety out of his tone, "there is no doubt about the failure of it?"

"Not the slightest. My memory feels particularly clear. You can cross-examine me if you like."

He nodded.

"Well, I will ask you a few questions," he said. "Tell me your last recollection before you came to yourself."

She answered him readily.

"I came to you, here," she said, "and told you that I was dismissed from Bearmain's. I heard your proposals and agreed to them. You sent for a nurse and you gave me chloroform here. The very last thing in my mind is that you walked to the window, and looked at your watch just before I went off."

He drew a quick breath—it sounded almost a gasp. "It is wonderful!" he exclaimed.

"Everything before that day—my miserable life at Bearmain's, your kindness to me, and our little jaunts together," she said, "I can remember quite clearly. I am sorry to wound your vanity, but your experiment has been shockingly unsuccessful."

He smiled.

"It was a very foolish one," he declared. "I have been terribly worried about you."

Their eyes met for a moment, and a spot of color burned in her cheeks.

"You need not have worried," she said softly. "You made it quite clear to me before I consented. I knew the risk I ran."

He braced himself for the final test.

"You have been unconscious for a vry long time," he said. "Often I used to listen to your talking to yourself. You don't mind, do you? You see it was part of the experiment."

"Of course not," she answered, "Was I very foolish?"

"You spoke of a lot of things which, of course, I did not understand," he said. "For instance, there was Ulric. Who was he?"

"Ulric?" She repeated the name wonderingly. There was no comprehension in her face.

"Are you sure of the name?" she asked. "I never heard it in my life before."

He smothered his agitation with a strange laugh.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "Ulric was one of your companions when you were a child."

"Perhaps," she assented. "Yet the name is so uncommon that I think I should have remembered it."

"Well," he continued, "there was a person of the name of Trowse—an enemy, I should think, or some one you disliked. What of him?"

Again the blankness of non-comprehension. She shook her head at him and smiled.

"Do you know," she said, "I shall believe soon that it is you who have been raving. Trowse! Ulric! I never heard such names in my life. Tell me, was there anyone else?"

"You spoke of my mother and sister as though you knew them," he said.

She shook her head.

"I saw them with you in a box at the theatre one night, you know," she reminded him. "Never before or since, to my knowledge."

"Then," he continued, keeping his eyes fixed upon her, "there was a person whom you called sometimes Hood and sometimes Angus. Ah!"

She dropped her eyes.

"Yes," she admitted, "I had once a friend of that name. What did I say about him?"

"You seemed to expect to hear from him—to have him come to you."

"Yes," she admitted, "that is very likely true."

There was a moment's silence. She raised her eyes to his.

"I was once engaged to be married to Captain Hood!" she said.

"So I understood."

He was watching her closely, and permitted himself a little sigh of relief. The mention of Hood's name had not in the least discomposed her. Already she seemed to be thinking of some one else. She was looking out of the window at the faint November sunshine which was doing its best to brighten the dull afternoon.

"There is one thing which I do not understand. "The people in the street all seem to go about muffled up as though it were winter. Now I came here on the 17th of April. There is another proof of failure for you, you see," she added, with a smile. "It certainly does not look like April now, or May, and the trees are all bare. How long have I been here? What is the date now?"

He hesitated.

"I will tell you, Eleanor," he said, "but you must prepare to be surprised."

"You have already surprised me," she said, laughing at him. "Are you taking advantage of my weakness that you use my Christian name without permission?"

"Forgive me," he answered gravely. "But, after all, we are older friends than you imagine. Your illness has lasted a very long time."

She looked at him in amazement.

"You canont mean," she exclaimed, "that the summer has gone?"

"It is true," he answered. "This is the 10th of November. You have been ill nearly seven months."

"It is wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"It was not natural," he hastened to say, "but you must remember that your illness was not exactly a natural one. It was the result of the operation and the drugs you took."

"Seven months of my life gone," she murmured, "in a sleep."

"No one can repent it more bitterly than I do," he said. "I have robbed you of more than half a year of your life. I wonder whether I shall ever succeed in gaining your forgiveness."

She looked at him with eyes suddenly dimmed.

"That is so foolish of you," she whispered. "You ought to understand, for you know just how valuable my life was when I came to you. Why, it is a joy to me, not a sorrow. When I think of Bearmain's, and the misery I endured there, I am almost tempted to ask you to experiment upon me again, only to let me remain as I have been seven years instead of seven months."

"God forbid!" he cried, with sudden passion. "No more of such ignorant dabblings so long as I live."

She smiled.

"You are changed," she murmured. "You were so cold—so self-confident."

"A good deal has happened to change me."

"You are looking older! You have had troubles?"

"I have been terribly anxious," he said.

She looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"About me?"

He nodded. "Yes," he answered. "About you."

The feeling in his tone was unmistakable. A delicate flush of color stole into her cheeks.

"I think that is rather nice," she said quietly, "to find oneself—once more—of any account. But perhaps," she added half shyly, "you were afraid that if anything happened to me your experiment might have been talked about."

He shook his head.

"No one could ever have discovered that," he said. "My anxiety was—on your account only. As soon as there was danger—I think that I began to realize how pleasant our friendship had been."

She closed her eyes with a little smile. In the strong light he noticed more clearly the fragility of her appearance. He rose hastily.

"I have stayed longer than I meant to," he said. "Here comes nurse with beef tea. Remember that you have nothing whatever to do but to get well, Eleanor. I shall come in and see you, if I may, every day."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"You are very good to me," she said, "and I am afraid that I am a shocking disappointment to you. It wasn't my fault—was it?"

He laughed at her cheerfully.

"Oh," he cried, "if only I could make you understand how thankful I am that it failed!"

. . . . . .

He burst in upon the Professor and slapped him on the back.

"Professor!" he exclaimed, "it's marvelous. I tell you that it is marvelous."

The Professor groped for his cigar, which had fallen upon the carpet, and set his glasses to rights.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Such muscle you have, my young friend, and of so much vehemence. Well, well!"

"I tell you, Professor, that our theory is proved," Powers cried. "She thinks that she is recovering from a long illness. She remembers everything which happened before her first coming here, and nothing between then and now. I have tested her with names. She is herself again."

The Professor relit his cigar and nodded.

"Well, well!" he said. "I knew it! It is a most interesting case."

CHAPTER XL.

"Do you mean to tell me, Powers, that this is really Eleanor—the same Eleanor?" Lady Fiske asked impressively.

"Undoubtedly, mother," Powers answered, smiling. "Further, this is the real Eleanor. The girl whom you knew was very different."

"It is most extraordinary—the most bewildering thing!" Lady Fiske declared. "Why, she is charming."

"So I think," Powers remarked.

Lady Fiske smiled an understanding smile.

"But, my dear Powers," she declared, "the complications are endless. There are all the people who knew her as Miss Hardinge; then there is the scandal about those people who discovered that she was not Miss Hardinge. Oh, how foolish you were!"

"I know it," he answered dolefully.

"But, mother, if all turns out as I hope, it will be very easy to ignore all that. Besides, I shall take her abroad for some time. You know that I have chartered. Errington's yacht provisionally, and you and Marian are to join us at Pisa."

Marian laughed lightly.

"Hear this impetuous lover!" she exclaimed. "Mother, do you recognize your staid son?"

"Indeed I don't," Lady Fiske answered. "But, at least, it is delightful to see you looking yourself again, Powers."

"And, Powers," Marian said, drawing on her gloves, "I withdraw all that I said against Eleanor number one. Eleanor number two is delightful. We shall be so fond of her, and we wish you luck—don't we, mother?"

"Indeed we do," Lady Fiske assented. "Come, Marian, let us go now. If you should have any news for us, Powers, come and dine. We shall be alone."

. . .

Powers saw them to the carriage, and then made his way to Eleanor's room. It was easy to see that her recovery was now an assured thing. She was standing by the window when he entered, and he fancied for the first time that she greeted him a little nervously.

"Your mother and sister have been to see me, Sir Powers," she said. "Wasn't it delightful of them?"

"Well, I don't know," he answered. "It seems to me a very natural thing for them to do. I hope you liked my mother, Eleanor."

"How could any one help it," she said simply. "Your sister was very kind too. They spoke as though—I was to go and stay with them—but—"

"Of course you are going to stay with them some day," he said. "That is all arranged."

"Some day—perhaps," she said. "Sir Powers, I am glad you came in now. I have been waiting to have a talk with you."

"I am in the same position," he said, drawing a chair up to hers. "I want to have a little talk with you."

"I claim priority," she declared.

"On what grounds?" he asked.

"Well, my sex."

He smiled. "You have proved your point. Go on."

She was a little nervous, but she began at once.

"It is about that ridiculous bargain of ours. I don't know how you have regarded it, but I have been ashamed of my part of it ever since. The things I asked for were absurd. I have no wish at all to occupy an unsuitable position. So, if you please, I want to alter it."

"Well, go on," he said. "You have kept your part of it loyally, and I am prepared to carry out mine to the very best of my ability."

"You have all been so kind to me," she said, "that my convalescence, at any rate, has been like a long holiday. But now as to the future. If you still feel that you owe me anything at all, will you pay me in the way which I myself shall select?"

"Most certainly," he answered. "I am prepared to give you exactly what you asked for; but if you have changed your mind, you can still command me up to the limits of possibility."

"If you could—if you could help me to find some more pleasant way of keeping my independence—and incidentally," she asked, laughing, "earning my living. That would be real downright kindness. I am afraid that I wasn't a success at Bearmain's and I hated it. But there are plenty of things which I could do."

"As for instance?" he asked gravely.

"I could typewrite if some one would start me with a litle work. Or I think I could take a situation as secretary. I can write quickly and legibly, and I know French and German pretty well. Or perhaps there is something which you could suggest. I wouldn't mind what it was—except a big shop like Bearmain's."

"Well, I don't know," he said thoughtfully. "There is something, Eleanor, which I ought to tell you—and which might affect your views."

She looked at him questioningly. "What is it?"

"You have spoken to me of Captain Hood. Well, he has been back in England—looking for you."

"How do you know?" she asked.

"I have heard of him through friends. There was some question of a letter which he never received. He is, or was, very anxious to find you and marry you."

"Was?"

"Yes; his leave was up. He has gone back to India."

She was unmistakably relieved. Powers felt his heart grow lighter every moment.

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked eagerly.

"Well?"

"Do not let him know my address. I do not want him to come back again. I will write to him."

He raised his eyebrows. "But—you are still engaged to him."

"I am nothing of the sort," she declared. "It would have all been broken off long ago but for my troubles. We were drifting apart—I was very young when we were engaged, and so was he. I am glad that he was willing to keep his word. But I should never have consented. Let us leave Captain Hood out of the question."

"I will do so," he assented, "with great pleasure. Exit Captain Hood."

"Now tell me," she said, "what do you think about a secretaryship?"

"I think," he said slowly, "that I know a position which would suit you much better."

"What is it? Please tell me. I want your advice."

"My wife."

The hot color burned in her cheeks. She looked at him confused—reproachful.

"Sir Powers!"

"I mean it, Eleanor," he said very earnestly. "You cannot think that I was jesting. I am very much in earnest."

She drew a little away from him.

"You are asking me," she said, "because you remember my foolish words and it is the only way in which you can keep your share of the compact. It is quite unnecessary, Sir Powers—although I thank you very much, and I appreciate your generosity. Do forget that foolishness once and for all. If you consider yourself in my debt, help me my own way. I mean it."

He drew very near to her.

"Eleanor," he said, "I ask you for no such highminded reason. I ask you because I love you, because you are the first woman I have ever seen whom I have wished to marry. Dear, you must believe me."

She looked him in the eyes. He was speaking the truth. It was amazing to her, but it was the truth. Nevertheless, she hesitated.

"But you never seemed as though you cared at all!" she faltered. "I don't understand."

He caught her to him. His eyes were bright, his face was hungry with the love of her.

"Dear!" he cried, "look at me. What does it matter when first I cared for you? Look at me now—listen. I love you, Eleanor! You believe me! You must!"

She laughed softly as she leaned towards him.

"It is so easy," she murmured, "to believe when one wants to—very much."

THE END.

Next week the opening chapters of "Ashton-Kirk, Investigator," will appear in The Blade. This is an interesting and mysterious detective story, but with enough love and romance to make it sweet and fascinating.

BLADE PATTERNS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

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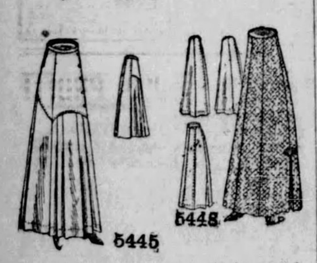
2882—Ladies' Sacque Apron—When real work is to be done an apron of this design is just what is wanted. Cooking is one of these occupations and there are few women who will not be glad to have a real cover all to slip on over a good dress at times. The sacque cut assures us that there will not be any cumbersome material in the apron, which clings closely to the figure in both front and back. The neck may be either high or low and the full length sleeves may be shortened if desired. Gingham is the material generally used in making aprons but calico, sateen and also brilliantine, especially for a studio apron are all used. The pattern 2882 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5429—A Plain Waist—There is always sure to come a time when a plain waist is needed and when made of fine flannels, French or Scotch, or of some of the figured challies, or of allover embroidery, the plain models show the material better than do more elaborate designs. The waist pictured is of the utmost simplicity. The opening is in a band down the center of the front. In the back is a yoke, which extends across the shoulders and a collar or a stock may be worn with it. The sleeves have very little fullness at the shoulder and are finished with a plain cuff. The pattern 5429 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch goods. The nobve pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5464—Child's Dress—As this is a season of embroidery a dress which can be made of flouncing is more than usually welcome. We offer such a design in the accompanying illustration. The shoulders are seamless and the plain part of the flouncing forms this part of the waist, which the edges meet in the center of the front. By placing a seam down the outside of the arm the flouncing may be adjusted in the same manner in the back also. The skirt is plain and gathered all around. The neck is low and square. Not only flouncing and bordered goods may be used for this dress, but any lawn, organdie and similar fabric with lace or embroidery for the edges. The pattern 5464 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 4⅛ yards of 14-inch flouncing, 2½ yards of insertion and 4 yards of edging. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

3725—Boys' Russian Suit—Every mother will recognize in this garment one that is very easy to make as well as attractive. The outer portion of the suit consists of a plain sacque style jacket, which fastens in the center of the front, leaving a little V exposed at the neck. The sleeves of the jacket are finished at the wrist with a group of small tucks. The trousers are made in the usual way without a fly. While these garments can be made of serge, cheviot and other similar materials, most mothers prefer to use wash fabrics at all seasons. Band trimming in a contrasting color will add greatly to the appearance of the suit. The pattern 3725 is cut in sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material and 3 yards of braid to trim as pictured. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.



5445—Pleated Walking Skirt—In this illustration we offer one of the new pleated skirts which are so rapidly gaining in popularity. The deep yoke is a leading style feature at present. It is snugly fitted, opening at one side of the front panel and broken in the back by the flat box pleat which begins at the belt and continues to the hem of the skirt. The balance of the skirt is arranged in triple box pleats and attached to the lower shaped edge of the yoke. These skirts are made of serge, cheviot, pongee, linen, gingham and other summer fabrics. The pattern 5445 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5448—Six Gore Empire Skirt—The high waist is not the only charm of this novel skirt. It has the usual flat panels in front and back, but where the two side gores join a small pleating is inserted above the lower edge of the skirt, allowing great freedom in walking and giving an ornamental touch as well. Skirts of this kind are made of both woolen and wash materials and it is not uncommon to find the little pleating of a contrasting color, for instance light blue with a white skirt, black with a dark blue skirt or plaid or stripe with a mixture. Serge, cheviot, linen, pongee, and many more of the favorite fabrics are used in making skirts of this style. The pattern 5448 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

3319—Girls' Kimono—A wrapper is as necessary to a little girl as to her mother if she has to pass through the halls to the bathroom of the house when she should assuredly have some outer garment especially if she has brothers. The kimono style is the easiest of all to make and it is also very simple to slip on when needed. The model illustrated is a very pretty example of this style. There is a square yoke in both front and back and below this the material is gathered, hanging plainly to the floor. Loose sleeves may be gathered into a band cuff if preferred. The band trimming adds much to the effect of the gown and means but little additional cost. The pattern 3319 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material and 1½ yards of 26-inch contrasting fabric. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5465—Five Gore Trotteur Skirt—The trotteur or walking skirt is always at its best in the plain styles. It is not intended for dressy occasions but as its name tells us, for walking and shopping and kindred uses. The material selected for this skirt should be of good quality. If woolen, something like a very fine serge or cheviot or a homespun or loosely woven basket cloth will be nice. Among wash fabrics linen is best, but good gingham and pongee will also answer. The main care must be to keep the back and front very full and to have no wayviness anywhere in the skirt. This is easy when one has a good pattern. The rest is only care. The pattern 5465 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5463—Simple Peasant Bodice—Figured materials are used to go great an extent this season that the majority of models are rather plain. In the illustration we have one of the most popular styles and surely nothing could be more simple. There is the customary small yoke, with its standing collar attached and below this the bodice is quite plain, there being no seam at the shoulders and the sleeves ending just below the elbow. The outline of the yoke is trimmed with a band of fancy design and the lower edge of the sleeve has a fancy cuff in harmony with it. Foulard, messaline, satin, pongee and the like are the materials most used for these waists and also all sheer fabrics. The pattern 5463 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5470—Novel French Dress—The French dress is always becoming to the little tots who have no legs to amount to anything. The model illustrated shows how this style has been used in combinations with the peasant shoulder, no seam being placed here and the little sleeves, which end at the elbow, being cut in one with the front and back of the dress. The skirt is made of a width of flouncing. As illustrated this dress was made of allover embroidery and flouncing, but it is just as well suited to plain fabrics and these may be trimmed with lace or embroidery. The pattern 5470 is cut in sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 27-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5450—A One-Piece Frock—One-piece garments are much used for children and the frock shown in our illustration is a thoroughly practical model in this style. Three box pleats, extending from the neck to the hem of the dress trim both front and back, the closing being placed under the center one in the back. The neck is round and is outlined by a circular band. The sleeves are short and are likewise trimmed with a band. A belt reaches from the side box pleats at the front all around the back of the waist. Gingham, madras, cambric, challis and many other tub materials will be found suitable for this little frock. If made of plain white, it will be a good idea to use insertion for the band trimmings at neck and sleeve edges and also for the belt. The pattern 5450 is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material; ⅝ yard of 27-inch contrasting goods to trim as pictured. Price 10 cents.

5437—Very Novel Waist—As summer brings us its soft, sheer cotton materials we naturally seek styles which have something ornamental about them and one of these is to be found in the illustrated waist. The peasant effect is retained by making the yoke in a single piece with the outside of the sleeve and the balance of the waist in one with the under side of the sleeve. The yoke and outer sleeve are of lace, the balance of the waist may be of batiste, lawn, etamines, marquisettes, printed tulle or other soft fabric. It is tucked from the center of the yoke to the edge of the sleeve, the tucks turning from the center of the waist and the same arrangement being used in back and front. The pattern 5437 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ of a yard of 18-inch allover to trim as shown. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

MENTAL ACCURACY.

Greatly Improved by Leaving Off Coffee

The manager of an extensive creamery in Wis. states that while a regular coffee drinker, he found it injurious to his health and a hindrance to the performance of his business duties.

"It impaired my digestion, gave me a distressing sense of fullness in the region of the stomach, causing a most painful and disquieting palpitation of the heart, and, what is worse it muddled my mental faculties so as to seriously injure my business efficiency.

"I finally concluded that something would have to be done. I quit the use of coffee, short off, and began to drink Postum. The cook didn't make it right at first—she didn't boil it long enough, and I did not find it palatable and quit using it and went back to coffee and to the stomach trouble again.

"Then my wife took the matter in hand, and by following the directions on the box faithfully, she had me drinking Postum for several days before I knew it.

"When I happened to remark that I was feeling much better than I had for a long time, she told me that I had been drinking Postum, and that accounted for it. Now we have no coffee on our table.

"My digestion has been restored, and with this improvement has come relief from the oppressive sense of fullness and palpitation of the heart that used to bother me so. I note such a gain in mental strength and acuteness that I can attend to my office work with ease and pleasure and without making the mistakes that were so annoying to me while I was using coffee.

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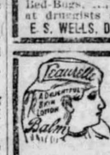

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FRANCE LEADS IN THE AIR

WHEN the motor vehicle was new and its place in the world and pleasure of the world was yet to be established, France easily surpassed all other countries in the development of the automobile. There were more French motor cars built and their prestige was greater than those of other countries.

Now the immense growth of the automobile interests in the United States has dropped France far below this country in the bulk of its motor vehicle business. In quality and fame throughout the civilized world the French machines still stand well up toward the top, if not in the higest place.

Meanwhile France has taken a long lead in the building and use of aeroplanes. As in the early stages of the automobile, so again French inventors, French mechanics and French experts in the use of new and wonderful devices have gone to the front, and their far outnumber their rivals in all other countries taken together.

It has been said that France is the crucible of the nations in the realm of sociology and economics, the country where experiments are made from which other states shrink, the testing place of novel theories and plans. Now it might well be claimed that France is the country where some of the greatest discoveries in science and invention are most heartily and freely put to the proof by use.

According to official reports made by the clubs affiliated in the International Aeronautical Federation there were 515 licensed pilots for flying machines at the end of 1910. That is, men—and one or two women—certified by experts as competent to handle aeroplanes.

Of these masters of the new art of flight no fewer than 339 were credited to France. All other countries could show but 177. The last number is surprisingly large, in view of the danger and

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Spurious Monks Are Attributed to Sterne.

London Chronicle.

The literary pirate was not the only trouble of the 18th century author. There were the concoctors and publishers of spurious works under his name, and Sterne suffered as heavily from these as from the pirates.

The publication of the first two volumes of "Tristram Shandy" was followed as soon as it was apparent that the book was a success by a third, written by a hack writer and boldly attributed to Sterne. Several other spurious works appeared in the author's lifetime and after his death his Posthumous Works in two volumes were obligingly written for him, as were also three sets of his Original Letters.

Grosbeaks in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Record.

For some time past Warren has been visited by a small flock of evening grosbeaks, a bird very rarely appearing east of the Mississippi river. In fact only once before has its presence been recorded in Pennsylvania.

In 1890 several of the northwestern counties, including Warren county, reported their presence during the previous December and remained until April 12, in one case a few remained till May 11, paired and apparently intended to remain all summer, when they were driven away by gunners, who killed or wounded several. The home of the birds is in the far northwest from the Canadian Rockies east to Lake Superior, and at rare intervals still further east.

A Strasburger's Work of Patience.

London Globe.

A notworthy example of patience in small things is to be seen in the recent acquisition of the Invalides of some 8,000 little soldiers made of cardboard and mounted on little wooden stands.

It is the work of M. Paul Schmidt, a Strasburger, and represents the troops stationed in the famous cathedral city in 1848. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, voltigeurs, zouaves, and barracks firemen are represented and these had taken part in the conquest of Algiers. For the most part, at any rate as far as the officers are concerned, the faces are true portraits and at the back of each figure the name and rank of the party is to be found.

The Texas Armadillo.

Houston Post.

During the last three years Drs. Newman and Patterson, of the school of zoology at the University of Texas have been much interested in working out certain points concerning the biology of the armadillo, probably the most unique animal in Texas. This little creature represents a migrating species which has in large numbers crossed the frontier of Texas from Mexico and now inhabits the greater portion of the southern half of the state.

The point of special interest in the biology of the armadillo lies in its peculiar method of development. Drs. Newman and Patterson have found out that the Texas armadillo normally gives birth to four young and that the individuals of any given litter are invariably of the same sex; thit is, they are either all males or all females, never mixed.

Portuguese Women's Right to Vote.

Westminster Gazette.

A judgment delivered by a magistrate of the Lisbon civil court recognizes the right to vote of Carolina Angelo, wife of a doctor, contrary to the decision of the government, which refused her the franchise. The decision is based on Portuguese law. No other woman will vote at the next elections, as the period for making claims has now expired.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will somebody please tell us, before the potato bug season comes, the quickest, best and cheapest way to get rid of the pests.—B., Platteville, Wis.

ROACHES

Somebody asked, through The Farmstead, for something to rid a house of roaches. Here is a good remedy: Equal portions of cornmeal and red lead mixed with molasses and spread on plates.—Mrs. A., Newfaltz, N. Y.

SPRAY FOR ANIMALS

M., Adrian, Mich.: You will find the following very effective for flies on horses and cattle: Fish oil, two quarts; crude carbolic, one pint; oil of pennyroyal, one ounce; oil of tar, eight ounces. Mix and use with a spray. This is especially good for milch cows and work horses. It should be applied three or four times a week. It is also one of the best remedies for collar galls and cuts, being very healing. Also acts as a disinfectant.—M., Mancelona, Mich.

ANTS IN BEEHIVES

Somebody asked for a method to drive ants out of beehives. I use gum camphor. Take two or three lumps about the size of a large grain of corn. Put a piece in a thin rag about two and a half inches square and drop a piece or two in the nest, and within an hour or two the ants will be gone. Leave the camphor there; it won't hurt the bees. I have from 40 to 50 stands of bees and I have used this remedy for years. It has always proved effective.—H., West Union, O.

I am sending the dandelion wine recipe. I know it is good, for I have tried it:

Put one quart dandelion flowers into a vessel and pour over them a quart of boiling water; let it stand three days. Take one pound of sugar to each quart of liquid, and one lemon and three oranges to a gallon; boil the liquid with the flowers and the rind of the lemon and oranges, quarter of an hour, then strain and slice lemon and oranges into it; when lukewarm put in two tablespoonfuls of yeast; let it stand one week, then strain again and bottle.—Mrs. K., Clarion, Pa.

TILLING ORCHARDS

Like all other argicultural practice, tilling of orchards is a local question; but the presumption is that tillage is needed, and exceptions must be explained.

The fruit in well tilled orchards is likely to be later in maturing than in comparably untilled orchards, and to have a lower color; this is indication of the effect of tillage in maintaining vegetable activity by keeping up the supply of food and moisture. The fruit grower should learn to regulate his tillage as carefully as he does the application of manure, in order to secure the maximum of benfit and the minimum of disadvantage.

The perfecting of many wide sweep surface working tools has made the tilling of orchards comparatively simple and easy. The purpose of these tools is to maintain the surface mulch.

Fall plowing is sometimes advisable, particularly on hard lands, that the weathering may aid in the breaking down of the soil. In such cases the furrow slice should better not be turned flat (at least not unless there is much herbage or manure on the land), but left more or less broken or on edge.

HURDLES FOR HOGS

The best way to make hurdles for hogs on a clover field or field of corn, peas or other crop to be hogged down is to use from 28 to 36 inch woven wire fencing. Since the fence is only for temporary use, the posts need not be large or set deeply. The two end posts should be, however, reasonably heavy and set to the depth of 3 feet to retain the tension of the fence. These should be braced or stayed with shallow anchors. By placing the anchor say not more than 2 feet in the ground it can be easily taken up and moved with the fence. The intermediate posts can be light and post holes dug for only a few of them. The remaining intermediate posts may be very light and sharpened at the lower end, to be driven into the ground with a sledge-hammer. They thus will be easily lifted.

When a section of the field has been fenced off and pastured down, the fence can be moved over on new pasture by simply lifting the stakes by means of a pry pole and chain and the fence dragged into a new position, either by hand or team, according to the amount of fencing used. Restretch the fence tightly with regular fence stretcher, anchor the end posts, and drive down intermediate posts. By using nails instead of staples for holding the woven wire to the posts, the fencing can be easily taken from the posts for other use, as nails bent over are much easier detached than staples, especially if the posts are hard.

In sections where rails still are in use the rain fence is commonly used for making hurdles for hogging down forage crops.

POULTRY NOTES

Poultry on the farm will, in most cases, remain a side issue, and it is wise to continue to regard it as such. But there is no reason why a side issue should not be profitable, and the poultry side issue on the farm can be managed so that it will bring in as much money as some of the larger interests to which we are willing to devote more time.

Don't keep the males with the females all the time unless you desire fertile eggs for hatching purposes. A fertile egg will spoil much more rapidly than an infertile one and this is no small consideration during the hot weather.

During the summer months gather the eggs as frequently as possible, especially if you are disposing of them to a critical trade. You yourself will not be very much disappointed if you find an occasional stale egg among those you keep for the use of your own household, but few things irritate a housewife as much as a bad egg for which she has paid good money.

Collect your eggs frequently, and if you are in doubt as to just when a particular egg was laid, put aside and use it in your own home.

Have as complete ventilation as possible in the houses during the hot evenings of summer.

During wet weather see that the fowls have clean, dry quarters and sufficient protection from spring rains.

Provide plenty of shelter for the chicks—shelter from the rain and cold and shade for the hot weather. They cannot stand too much cold and dampness or excessive heat.

As the summer and rapid growth of vegetation come on, see that no rank growth of weeds is near the poultry runs. Chicks running through tall weeds and grass after a rain will become as wet as if they had fallen into a pool of water, and water in this form is almost fatal.

Allow no piles of rubbish in or near the poultry quarters for harboring rats and other poultry enemies. It does not pay to hatch chickens for the wild animals to eat.

Feed the hens all they will eat of wheat and other nourishing feeds. There is no danger of getting a laying hen too fat. The nonlaying hen is the one that takes on fat, and such should be made as fat as possible in a short time and sold.

THE INCUBATOR

The best place for an incubator is in a dry cellar where the day and night temperature is reasonably constant. The machine is self-adjusting, but it will always work better in a mild and even temperature such as is found in most cellars. If you have no cellar, place the machine in some room of the dwelling, or a specially constructed room, where the temperature is as constant as possible. In the room of even heat and mild temperature less oil will be consumed in heating the incubator and there will be less trouble in regulating the heat. The machine, of course, should never be set in a draft or where the air circulates too freely. Doors and windows in the incubator room should be disturbed as little as possible. Follow directions sent with the machine. Never let the temperature go above the danger mark, although it can safely fall below without injury to the eggs, providing the machine is in a warm room.

Test all of the eggs for fertility on the fifth or sixth day of incubation. This is done in a dark room by placing the hand around the egg and looking through it before the light of a candle. A regular egg-testing lamp will be found convenient. It can be purchased by dealers in poultry supplies and is not very expensive. If the egg is fertile and is going to hatch the germ of the developing live chick can plainly be seen as a dark mass in or near the center of the egg. If the egg is infertile it will be transparent throughout. It must be discarded from incubation.

It is necessary for the eggs to be aired and cooled during the process of incubation. This is begun on the third day and discontinued on the 19th day. The time allowed for airing and cooling will be about 15 minutes each day in the beginning and increasing the time each day till at the close about 45 minutes are given for the daily airing. While the eggs are out airing the ventilators of the machine should be closed, but opened again when the eggs are replaced. When the eggs have cooled and before they are returned to the machine, they must be all turned carefully by hand.

The reason for airing and cooling is to furnish atmospheric oxygen to the developing chick. In cooling the contents of the egg contract, which allows the air to enter through the pores of the eggshell. The reason for turning is to keep the yolk at the center of the egg and not allow it to settle to one side and adhere to the outer membrane, causing deformity or perhaps interfering altogether with hatching. In nature the mother bird by instinct leaves the nest daily for the eggs to cool, and on returning to the nest she turns the eggs. She may not know why it should be done, but she does it. During the last three or four days of incubation she never leaves the nest for even a few seconds of time.

While the eggs are hatching and the chicks are coming out, the door of the incubator must not be opened if you wish a full hatch and all the young to live. The young chick, and any young animal just born, should dry quickly and be warm while drying. If the door of the machine is opened with several of the wet chicks in the tray they are apt to be chilled and either contract bowel trouble or die. Look through the glass door of the machine and let visitors do the same. The old hen never allows her chicks to be out of warm cover while they are drying and getting on their feet. For this reason it is better to allow all chicks to remain in the upper egg tray till they have fully dried rather than have them drop to the lower part of the machine where the air is cooler and where drying will take place more slowly.

Young chicks must not be fed anything for at least thirty-six hours after coming out of the shell, and they may easily go a day or more longer than this time without any injury. When chicks are hatched a part of the yolk is held undissolved in the intestines for their first natural feed. If any other feed is given till this has been absorbed and assimilated by the young bird, the food will not be digested, and hence indigestion, poisoning and bowel trouble will be sure to follow. The chicks may be left in the incubator during the time they are not fed, or they may be removed to the brooder.—Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

WIRE WORMS

One of our subscribers asked the following question: Please, can you tell me what is good for wire worms? We planted early potatoes, and there are holes drilled right across them, and the wire worms are right in the seed. The land is not low. We had meadow on that piece of land last year, and we cut timothy hay and put in cabbage, and we plowed it under this spring and put it in early potatoes. We manured the meadow and did not use anything else. Can you tell me what will kill them?

Wire worms are long, slender and horny, and are the larvae of several bugs. Often other larvae are mistaken for them. They injure many field grasses and potatoes. They breed frely in meadow and pasture land. The length of the life of the larvae is said to be from three to five years, authorities differing.

The most common remedy for the wire worm is to plow the infested field late in the fall to expose as many as possible of the larvae to the action of freezing and to the birds. The field is again plowed the following spring to bring more of them to the surface to die and to be picked up by birds, and the more birds that can be induced to stay in the field and follow the plow the fewer will be the numbers of the worms. Plowing the land so that the furrows are rough and open will aid the birds in finding the pest. Poultry foraging over the land at the time of plowing will aid in reducing the numbers. Keeping the soil stirred deeply and frequently turned so as to bring the worms to the surface in reach of their natural enemies will gradually rid the soil of them.

Applications of lime, wood ashes and commercial fertilizers are said to kill the worms, but doubt exists as to their effiency. The worms may be trapped in large numbers by placing slices of potatoes on or just below the surface af the soil previous to planting, and these pieces of potatoes removed and destroyed.

The Conqueror.

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then, indeed, it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows, he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

—Emil Carl Aurin, Nation Magazine.

EUROPE'S MANY TRAFFIC GIANTS

In this land of "biggest things" it is easy to fall into error by underrating the scale on which much business is carried on in Old World countries. It is the common belief of Americans that nearly everything is done in a comparatively small way in Europe.

To a certain extent it is true that great totals are reached by taking the aggregate of a vast number of relatively small items in productive industry and in trade. Business concerns are more numerous in proportion to the entire volume of traffic than they are in the United States, especially in some conspicuous lines.

But on the other hand, much business is done in Europe by immense concerns. This is true of all of the important countries to some extent, but especially so of Germany and Great Britain, with the former country showing the more marked tendency toward vast industrial and commercial corporations and firms.

One cutlery manufacturing concern in Solingen employs 6,000 or 7,000 persons. The Krupp works at Essen are bigger than any American iron and steel company's plant in one city, where a single concern has been built up under the direction of one management. There is a chemical company which has works at Hoechst, near Frankfort, where 6,000 persons are employed. The capital stock of the corporation is about $8,500,000 and its dividends run from 10 per cent to 20 per cent annually. It is one of several immense establishments in the same industry.

One German steamship company has almost as much steam tonnage as the entire Japanese empire. It surpasses Norway, long famous for shipping, in the size, total capacity and quality and quality of its vessels.

The leading German banks are wonders of rapid growth and immense size. The Deutsche bank was started during the war with France, 40 years ago, and now it has nearly $50,000,000 capital, its assets and liabilities balance at about a quarter of a billion dollars, and it has branches all over the world. Several other banks are nearly as large and are almost equally prosperous.

The total wealth of the German empire is estimated to increase at the rate of $850,000,000 a year. It has grown by the enormous sum of $25,000,000,000 in the last 40 years.

Frankfort is not a very large city, its population being about 425,000, but its railroad depot cost $10,000,000 and an addition is being built at the cost of more than $1,000,000. Over 500 passenger trains enter and depart daily.

These facts are only scattered instances of the vast scale upon which Germany does business now. Such illustrations might be multiplied without limit, and Germany is by no means alone in such industrial, commercial and financial bigness.

The Bank of France is still the largest in the world, in its total resources and in its holdings of gold and silver. British shipbuilding not only dwarfs that of the United States in the aggregate, but it is carried on, in great part, by companies which exceed any shipbuilding concerns in America in their tonnage output and in other tests of size. One of them, in Belfast, Ireland, employs 6,000 men.

The vegetable industry which is centered in and about Marseilles has attained prooprtions far exceeding anything of the kind in any American city or district. Last year over 700,000 tons of oil seeds were imported at that French port, chiefly peanuts, copra (the meat of the cocoanut) and sesame seed. That means handling and crushing vegetable seeds and nuts in quantities suggesting the traffic in coal or iron ore at important ports on the great lakes.

In the district in Bohemia to which the famous springs of Carlsbad, Marienbad and other watering places draw multitudes of seekers for health and rest every year, the great sum of $40,000,000 is spent annually by visitors from foreign lands. By comparison with such figures the business of Saratoga Springs and other like resorts in this country is nothing to brag about.

America remains, of course, the home of many "biggest-on-earth" business concerns. It is pre-eminently the continent of immense enterprises, machines and achievements. But it is well, now and then, to adjust our balances and moderate our national conceit by taking notice of a few giants of the Old World.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ENGLISH WALNUTS

Please tell me through the Question Bureau something about the culture of the English walnut.—H. B. U., Mercer, Pa.

The English walnut has been cultivated for centuries in the Mediterranean region, when it has been taken to mild climates throughout the world. The tree is only half as large as the common black walnut, but it has much the same appearance. Since the trees seem to be exacting in their demands, the areas in which they can be cultivated are somewhat restricted. They are considered susceptible to frosts after growth has started, though fairly hardy while dormant; they seem to be unable to stand hot weather since the nuts are more or less injured; they seem to fail upon lands in which the standing water is nearer the surface than twenty feet, also in soils with hard clay subsoil and in poorly drained soils. They are thus almost restricted at present to the deep alluvial soils of the four southern counties of California, but by planting varieties which vegetate late in the spring and by avoiding the conditions mentioned it is believed that the region of successful cultivation may be extended into the northern counties. The seeds are planted about twelve inches in nursery rows about four feet apart, cleanly cultivated, irrigated during midsummer and hardened off by withholding the water in autumn. They will usually be under two feet in height when one year old when they are root-grafted to desirable varieties. The grafts will often grow eight feet during the first year. Either when one year or two years old the plants are set in permanent quarters about fifty feet apart. Little pruning is needed except to correct bad form, the branches being started about four feet from the ground. The orchards are kept cleanly cultivated throughout the season, the first plowing in spring being at least six inches deep. Irrigation is also given if needed; always during the winter. Profitable crops are rarely produced before the trees are six years old, and ten years is the average age. Trees reach full bearing when about twenty years old and continue for thirty years or more. Some trees in Europe are said to be more than 100 years old. When the nuts begin to fall they are shaken down and gathered, and then spread on trays to dry for a week. They are then graded into sizes by passing them over sieves, after which they are dipped in a bath of a salsoda, chloride of lime, and sulphuric acid to bleach the brown shells and give them the ecru tint demanded by the market. After dipping they are rinsed in clear water. After drying the nuts are again graded into light and dark. The latter with the broken ones are used by confectioners; the former are shipped to a market in sacks holding about 110 pounds.

GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Please give a description of the Chinese wall.—B. A. W., Woodbury, Ky.

The erection of the Chinese wall is said to have been started about 214 B. C., and completed in 204 B. C. It has been reported to be 1728 miles long, extending from the sea shore on the gulf of Pe-che-lee westward beyond Soo-Choo, on the border of Turkestan, by a zigzag through a belt over 300 miles in width, its northern limit being north of Pekin. It passes up steep mountains and down into gorges, crosses rivers, valleys and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. This wall is 20 feet thick at the bottom and 15 at the top, and from 25 to 30 feet high, with flanking turrets 35 to 40 feet high every 200 or 300 yards. The exterior faces are blocks of well-cut granite, laid in excellent mortar; within it is filled with closepacked earth and stones. The upper surface is paved with bricks, a foot square, laid several inches thick, forming an excellent passage.

EDNA ELLEN BAYLY

Please give a sketch of the life of Edna Lyall.—R. B., Viola, Wis.

Edna Lyall, or Edna Ellen Bayly, the popular English novelist, was born in Brighton, England, about 1859, and died in Eastbourne on February 9, 1903. Her novels are romantic, but their aim is to depict the development of character. She has written the following books: Won by Waiting, Donovan, We Tow, In the Golden Days, Knight Errant, Autobiography of a Slander, Derrick Vaughan, Novelist, A Hardy Norseman, Doreen, How the Children Raised the Wind, Autobiography of a Truth, Wayfaring Men, Hope the Hermit, In Spite of All and The Hinderers.

THE DARK DAYS

Please give an account of the dark days such as May 19, 1780.—L. H. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The words "dark Day" apply to a number of days in which the sunlight appears to have been remarkably dim or altogethr absent. In our country, however, the term is specifically applied to May 19, 1780, which is also known as "Black Friday." Other notable dark days in the United States were those of October 21, 1716, and October 19, 1762.

The darkness of the "Dark Day" of May 19 was principally observed in lower Canada, the New England states and the upper part of the northern states. The darkness is known to have been the result of a combination of ordinary cloudiness combined with the smoke from forest and prairie fires. On this May day in 1780 the wind was southwest with occasional light rains. The remarkable phenomenon was attributed to the superstitious to supernatural causes.

On the plains of Tibet, according to Marco Polo and other travelers, dark days are sometimes caused by clouds of dust so fine and light that it is carried to a great distance by the wind. Similar days of darkness have been caused by clouds of mingled vapor, smoke and dust emanating from volcanic eruptions, although such clouds do not usually extend to the great distances reached by clouds of smoke from forest fires.

Stygian darkness often prevails during eruptions of ashes from volcanoes. Cases of such volcanic clouds occurred in connection with the eruption of Mont Pelee and La Soufriere in the West Indies in May, 1902.

In recent years the months of August and September, 1881, were remarkable in the eastern part of the United States for a long series of days in which artificial light was oftentimes necessary at midday and business was generally very much interrupted. In commenting upon this the United States Monthly Weather Review for September, 1881, says:

"The foggy or smoky condition of the atmosphere became quite general from the first to the tenth of the month. It reached an unusual culmination of density in the eastern portion of the middle Atlantic states and throughout New England. The destructive violence of prairie and forest fires throughout northern Michigan and portions of Canada has perhaps never been exceeded and the intensity of the accompanying smoke was simply dreadful."

On September 6 southwesterly winds prevailed from Tennessee northward to Lake Superior and thence eastward to the Canadian maritime provinces, and smoke was reported as far south as Knoxville, westward to Milwaukee, northward to Rockcliffe, Canada, and westward to New Brunswick. The darkness of the dark day of May, 1780, covered very much the same area. Friday being considered an unlucky day by superstitious people, naturally May 19, 1780, came to be generally known as "Black Friday."

THE REFERENDUM

Please explain in the Question Bureau what is meant by the referendum. —R. K. O., Newton, W. Va.

Referendum is a reference to the popular vote of a question whether a measure shall become a law. American state constitutions and amendments thereto are adopted by popular vote, and special measures are sometimes submitted by legislative action to the decision of the electors. In some cantons of Switzerland a method resembling the referendum has been practiced since the sixteenth century. According to the Swiss amendments must must be ratified by the Swiss electorate before they become law. Other measures must be submitted to the popular vote. From 1874 to 1891, out of 149 laws 27 were referred to the people; of these 15 were rejected. The referendum is now generally regarded as a check on hasty and class legislation.

RAILROAD PRESIDENTS

Please give the names and addresses of the following systems: Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central, Union Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and the Great Northern.—A. S., Chaneysville, Pa.

The president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe is E. P. Ripley, of Chicago, Ill. The general offices are in the same city. The president of the Baltimore & Ohio is Daniel Willard, with general offices at Baltimore, Md. The president of the Great Northern is L. W. Hill, with general offices at St. Paul, Minn. The New York Central president is W. C. Brown, with Chauncey Depew as chairman of the board. The general offices are at Albany, N. Y. James McCrea is president of the Pennsylvania lines and the general offices are at Philadelphia. The president of the Union Pacific is Robert S. Lovett, of New York. The general offices are at Omaha, Neb.

AARON BURR

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give a sketch of the life of Aaron Burr.—P. O. P., Salem, Va.

Aaron Burr, the American statesman, was born February 6, 1756, and died September 14, 1836. He graduated from Princeton in 1772, and at the outbreak of the Revolution he enlisted as a private, and joined the force before Boston. He volunteered for the expedition against Canada, and took part in the attack upon Quebec. For this service he was raised to the rank of major. He was also engaged in the defense of New York as the aide-de-camp of General Putnam. In 1777, he was promoted lieutenant-colonel with the command of his regiment, the colonel being a civilian. Burr was at Valley Forge, and distinguished himself in the battle of Monmouth, where he commanded a brigade in Lord Stirling's division. In the spring of 1779 he resigned his commission, partly on account of ill-health, and partly through a disappointment at not being more rapidly promoted. Burr always belonged to the Lee and Gates faction, and affected to despise the military talents of Washington. In 1782, he was admitted to the bar in Albany, and in July of the same year he married Mrs. Provost, the widow of a British officer who died in the West Indies. The following year he began to practice law in New York, and soon established a lucrative business. In politics his success was rapid and brilliant. In 1784 he was elected to the state legislature; he was appointed attorney-general of New York in 1789, and United States senator in 1791. While in the senate several influential members of congress recommended him for the mission to France, but Washington, with marked emphasis, refused to appoint him. He left the senate in 1797, and the following year was returned to the state legislature. Burr was very active in the presidential campaign of 1800, and to his efforts in New York may be attributed the Republican victory in electing Jefferson president. In the voting by the electoral college an equal number of ballots were cast for Burr and Jefferson. Most of the federal members, taking advantage of this singular state of affairs, supported Burr. The contest lasted several days, but on the 36th ballot Jefferson was elected, and in accordance with the provisions of the constitution at that time, Burr became vice president. In 1804, he was nominated by the Federalists for the governorship of New York. The contest was bitter, and he was defeated, Burr accusing Hamilton of causing his defeat. They quarreled, and he challenged Hamilton to a duel, which was fought in Hoboken, July 11, 1804, and Hamilton was killed at the first shot. Immediately upon the close of his term of office as vice president, Burr started on an expedition to the Mississippi valley to work up among the people of that locality his scheme for establishing an independent republic west of the Mississippi. This enterprise failed, and Burr was taken prisoner and put on trial for treason, but he was acquitted.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Will the Question Bureau please give the origin of the Northern Lights.—W. B. G., Plains, Mont.

The origin of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, is as yet a matter of conjecture. The most common hypothesis is that it is an electrical phenomenon, and this is borne out to some extent by the great resemblance which the light attending the passage of electricity through a nearly vacuous tube bears to the luminous appearance of the aurora. If one of the vacuous tubes lately invented by Mr. Gassiot be brought into the neighborhood of a powerful electrical machine, both while the machine is in motion and for some time after, flashes of light pass from the wire at one end of the tube to that at the other extremity, which bear a striking resemblance to the auroral rays. If the conditions necessary for the production of the aurora be similar to those holding in this experiment, it must be caused by the electricity accumulated round the magnetic poles discharging itself through the rare strata of the higher atmosphere; but how such conditions, if actual, occur is a question still in need of solution.

FANEUIL HALL

Please give a sketch of Faneuil hall in the columns of The Blade.—A. F., Ellsworth, O.

Faneuil hall is located in Dock square, Boston, Mass. In 1740 there was no public market in Boston, so Peter Faneuil offered to build one and give it to the city. It was finished two years later, being a two-story brick building, 100 by 40, containing not only a market in the basement, but rooms for town officers and a public hall for town meetings. On January 13, 1761 it was destroyed by fire but rebuilt two years later, and used for town meetings many years following. In 1805 it was doubled in size by adding a third story and moving a side wall back 40 feet, thus making the great hall which has been made famous for the speeches of Webster, Choate, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Everett and others. The hall holds 3,000 people.

THE SNAIL

Please tell a little something about the snail.—E. W. W., Bowden, N. C.

The snail is a terrestrial shell bearing mollusk. It has two pairs of tentacles on its head, its eyes being at the top of one pair. At the forward border of the creeping surface is an opening through which the mucus is poured to aid the snail in slipping along. Snails live on vegetable matter and do much damage. In France and elsewhere a species of snail is much esteemed as a food. Both the male and female organs appear in each snail, but they procreate by cross fertilization, and bury their eggs.

MISCELLANEOUS

A., W., Chanmont, N. Y.—The Japanese are still admitted to our country and the younger ones attend the same schools and colleges as the white children.

C. G., Birds, Ill.—See a lawyer for the information you want.

R. B. H.., Clearwater, La.—Look up the Question Bureau of April 20, and get information on the naval academy.

E. L., Desham, Minn.—Write to the recruiting officer of your town.

C. R. W., Elkhart, Ind.—The Mexican revolution was caused by the dictatorial manner in which Diaz governed the country.

I. S. G., Sylvania, Va.—We have no sketch of the man you mention.

A Nebraska Panther Cave.

Lincoln cor. Kansas City Star.

A panther's den with 10 kittens cuddled up in it was found a few days ago on the ranch of H. T. Richards, a few miles west of South Bend in Cass county.

Mr. Richards and some of his men noticed a cave in the side of the canon. After enlarging the opening one of the men, Grover Otte, entered. Back in the cave 10 or 12 feet he found the 10 kittens. When one of them was brought to the entrance it was found to be a baby panther.

Mr. Otte is now raising the kittens at his home. Since the discovery of the kittens neither of the parent animals have been seen. Several times a strange animal has been seen in the vicinity of South Bend and farmers complained about the mysterious disappearance of suckling pigs, lambs and chickens.

Dig far Gold to Pay for Building.

The local lodge of Odd Fellows has engaged in mining at the site where its new building is being erected. While workmen were excavating for foundations for the building a rich prospect of gold was discovered on bedrock. A sluce box was put in and all dirt excavated is being run through it to extract the gold. Good values are being taken out daily, and the total sum will amount to a large figure. The lodge will use the gold toward paying for the building.

When excavating was first started a gold coin of early mintage was found. It is engraved on one side "Augustus Humbert, United States Assayer, 1852," on the other side "United States of America, $100, 884 thous." One side contains an eagle and the other side a beautiful scroll. Such coins are rare now and worth a large sum.

I Mean What I Say

And I positively don't want you to send me a single solitary penny when you answer this announcement. Why? Because I am now introducing a new kind of Spectacle—my wonderful "Perfect Vision" Spectacles—the latest and most remarkable eyesight protectors and preservers the world has ever seen.

—These latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine will actually make a blind man see—of course, I don't mean one blind from birth, but blind on account of age.—

—These latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree-tops, plough in the field and drive on the brightest, hottest, sunniest days without any danger of your getting cataracts, chronic sore eyes, or granulated lids.—

—These latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting just as well as you ever did in your younger days, and at one and the same time they will also be protecting and preserving your eyes and be keeping them from getting weaker while doing it.—

And I therefore want you and every other spectacle-wearer in your county (all my old customers also) to get a handsome ROLLED GOLD pair of these very remarkable and latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine without a single solitary cent of cost; and as a favor—not an obligation, mind you—I will kindly ask you to

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them whenever you have the opportunity.

If you want to do me this favor write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Free Home Eye Tester and latest ROLLED GOLD Spectacle offer. Address:—

DR. HAUX, Haux Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Note—The above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World and Perfectly Reliable

The White Whale.

Harper's Weekly.

One of the creatures that inhabit the northern seas is the beluga or white whale. It frequents the Arctic ocean, enters the numerous bays and inlets, and sometimes travels up the fresh water streams to a considerable distance in search of food.

It preys upon fish, and owing to its ability to swim very rapidly it is able to capture the fastest of these.

It is pure white in color and quite large, often reaching 15 to 18 feet in length. It has a large mouth containing a number of very sharp conical teeth. It swims by doubling its strong tail back under its body and driving itself forward with a powerful stroke.

The natives of those cold regions which it inhabits catch the white whale with a stout net and by the use of the harpoon. A portion of the flesh is used for food, and the remaining portion is converted into a very fine grade of fish oil which finds a ready sale. The skins are removed and made into leather.

The French Traveling Show.

London Chronicle.

The traveling showman is commoner in France than in England, particularly in country places. He has almost vanished as an individual from English country fairs; he exists only as the proprietor of galloping horses or boxing saloons or fat lady shows. But at the smaller country fairs in France you may still find the juggler, with his tinsel and lights, and the strong man and the sometimes quite charming dancer. The most ordinary French crowd has a curiosity about art of any kind unknown in England.

Flowers on Lamp Posts.

New York Sun.

Ornamental lamps, gorgeous with real floral decorations, kept green and fragrant perpetually in flower boxes suspended midway between top nd bottom of the lamp standards, will be erected on Kearny street from Market to Pacific.

About three months will be required to put up the lamps, and work will be commenced immediately. The flowers which will adorn the lamp standards will be watered and cared for by an automatic arrangement, the mere pressing of a button being sufficient to perform the deed.

Godspeed.

Comrade, whose eyes have seen beyond
That Last Horizon lone and far;
Remoter than the utmost star
That watches on the rim of space;
I that shall see no more your face,
Save in some vision brief and fond,
I that alone must go and come,
I that alone must stay or roam,
Bid you God speed and hearty cheer,
Bid you a joy untouched of fear
On

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Uncle Sam Will Help

To write a letter is a simple matter, but it may mean much if written in response to a Blade advertisement. Uncle Sam is always ready to help a good thing along. One of his two-cent stamps will carry a message from one end of the country to the other. If you are interested in an advertisement the thing to do is to write to headquarters for all desired information.

Nearly everybody who says "I don't care" is not telling the truth.

The inventor of dynamite never intended that it should take the place of the earthquake.

At the opening of the season nearly everything in a circus looks new except the elephants.

At no time has President Diaz said that he would not retire under pressure of the toe of a boot.

Possibly Queen Mary quarreled with her mother-in-law just to show the world that she is human.

"Mr. Rockefeller returns $1,000 personal tax value." He is almost poor enough to own a dog.

An Atlanta man has been ordered by the court to kiss his wife at least once a day. Serves him right.

A bronze bust of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" was unveiled the other day. Long may it wave.

An old bachelor is a man who has fallen into the habit of counting a hundred before making up his mind.

Suffragists are practical. When a poet called Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont a divine goddess she sent for the police.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to "go with" a girl seven years before he married her?

Diaz is said to be worth $20,000,000. Which goes to show that the old man possessed considerable rainy-day wisdom.

Our idea of a genuine pessimist is the man who worries today because he fears that he will be unhappy tomorrow.

An Indiana woman whose husband is fond of onions and limburger cheese is suing for divorce. Place your bets.

The Illinois legislature says that Senator Lorimer's seat is tainted. There has been a rumor of that kind for some time.

Having been trained by Sandow it is believed that King George will be in good condition when he has to kiss the archbishop.

A noted German materialist, while trying to reach a book, fell and was seriously hurt. An argument in favor of the five-foot library.

A Massachusetts man has been arrested for selling his wife for $4.50. Don't know who made the complaint. Maybe it was the purchaser.

A Kansas judge rules that stealing another's wife is petty larceny. This is one time when we try to appear wise by making no comment.

"Has a hen a mind?" asks a Kansas City paper. She must have, otherwise she could not have originated the idea of crossing the road.

A Chicago clergyman declares that the tree is man's best friend. It is certainly a great convenience in a field where there is a cross bull.

Notwithstanding he is a pretty fine looking old man, members of the Wisconsin legislature want the election of Senator Stephenson investigated.

A New York editor says that women's feet are getting larger. This may be nature's way of putting the suffrage movement on a firmer footing.

Germany is buiding a dreadnought to be called The Peacemaker. How inappropriate the name will seem if she is ever called upon to go into battle.

The first jackass brought to this country is said to have landed on Plymouth Rock with the Pilgrim Fathers. Hence the army mule. Blood will tell.

If Eve had the foresight to see that the women of Wyoming and Idaho would want to vote some day she will have to be given credit for being a pretty bright girl.

An Indiana woman who has had six husbands says she may wait a year before selecting another. She doesn't believe in being precipitant in affairs pertaining to the heart.

IN THE SECOND GENERATION

The issues of the Civil War were still living and throbbing with strong pulse beats in the early seventies. To the growing child the realization of the great conflict came in half-understood allusions.

He gained no real grasp of the crisis through which father and mother had gone, but learned with sharp perception that his father had had wonderful and heroic experiences and his mother had felt the heartaches, the anxieties, the thrills and joyful or painful emotions of stirring times. Gradually the pictures grew in the child-mind. It saw battles wherein men fought with fiendish elation. They were all of swift action, glorious movement, exciting pursuits. Of broken guns, torn fields, the sickening tang of spilled blood and the pitiful dead it beheld nothing at all. And always was the figure of the father performing deeds beyond all human strength, a figure of stern visage and god-like terror. Perhaps upon a day an old chest is opened and a stained uniform with tarnishing buttons is spread out upon chairs to gain its rare airings. A sabre, bitten deep with rust, a hopelessly heavy musket, an ancient bayonet, are taken from their store places and their use is explained with the swift zest of reminiscence. Not all the readings of history nor all the judgment that comes with maturity ever remove these first impressions or make it quite possible for our generation to conceive of the fire and thunder of war without the personal association of one's own flesh and blood.

It has been a source of bitterness to the old soldiers that their Memorial Day has come to mean little more than a few hours of holiday to their offspring. They have been sorrowed by the fact that often they are almost alone during the ceremonials of respect, that while they salute their comrades across the line of living and dead, their sons and daughters and grandchildren are elsewhere seeking pleasure. It may be true, as charged, that we are a selfish and thoughtless generation. But we believe that the lamentable thing is due to the fact that memorial exercises do not join upon the impressions we carry from childhood. The day to many of us is but a symbol. It clashes with the ideas of what the war was and what it meant and what close and intimate part fathers and mothers took in the exalted times of sacrifice—ideas gathered while standing by parents' knees and helping to uncover the treasures of a chest in a dim-lit attic. Free of these mental pictures, it might be easier to follow the simple exercises and to listen with attention and understanding to the speakers. But no symbol and no oratory in such case can make new imagery upon the mature mind. The engravings do not agree and so we wander apart, the soldier to the graves of his brothers; the sons and daughters to things which touch them nearer. We think it means no lessening of respect, on the part of the newer generation, but rather an inability to respond to the same emotions. And after all, we think that our fathers and mothers, in their hearts, would much prefer to have us keep the impressions they gave in the minutes of story-telling before the candle was taken up and they walked away with soft tread.

SINCERE.

Local capital in Kansas City has subscribed $1,250,000 for the formation of a boat line which will ply between that city and St. Louis. Boats of a special design believed to be particularly fitted to meet the difficulties of traffic upon the river, are soon to be delivered and put into commission.

Kansas City must stand as a high example to those communities which have been concerned in the agitation for waterway development. For several years the government has been urged to adopt a definite waterway improvement plan, but once that plan was tentatively indicated, a vast amount of indignation was let loose. The speeches and writings have given just cause for the suspicion that the agitation differed only in form from the conventional pleadings for divisions of the "pork barrel." The bones of local interest showed through the flesh. Those communities which saw that their own favorite schemes were to be "scratched" or postponed indefinitely, began to snarl, and only the expert may today tell just what is the state of the waterways improvement movement. But Kansas City, in founding a boat line with its own money, has shown that it was not merely an appropriation it had sought, but actual transportation service. The government does not undertake to dig a deeper channel. It will only keep the river open and as free from snags as possible. Kansas City will do the best it can with the conditions as they exist. Its boats will be of the kind that can ply upon the Missouri. The river is not to be altered to suit an ideal form of vessel. In this Kansas City does exactly what the navigators of the great lakes did years ago.

Let those cities and states which have rebelled against the decisions of federal engineers and waterway experts show, if they can, that they have been as sincere as Kansas City.

THE PATRIOTS' CHANCE.

Senator Aldrich and Secretary Knox have never accepted a penny of pay for serving on the monetary commission, though congress made an allowance of $7,500 a year for each member. Senator Hale accepted but one month's pay and has declined to draw any more.

Ex-Senator Flint, Ex-Senator Taliaferro, Ex-Representative McLachlan, Ex-Senator Burrows, Ex-Senator Money and Ex-Senator Teller, being the "lame ducks" appointed to the commission on the recommendations of Vice-President Sherman and Ex-Speaker Cannon, have not yet shown whether or not it is their intention to follow the custom laid down by the older members.

This is a rare chance to show the possession of practical patriotism, an opportunity to take the sting and the contempt out of the term "lame-duck." Are the new commissioners capable of rising to the occasion?

REACTION IN A PROGRESSIVE PERIOD.

The gerrymander belongs wholly to the spoils system of American politics. It is the method by which the party in power in the legislature maps congressional districts so that it can have the greatest number of members possible in the national house of representatives. In the process hundreds of voters are virtually disfranchised, communities with conflicting interests are classed together, counties of varying degrees of backwardness and progressiveness are made to quarrel and struggle with one another.

The time was when the gerrymander of Ohio was a matter of course whenever there came a change of political power at Columbus. It was the thing expected, the spoils claimed and exacted. But times have been changing. People are less tolerant of such vicious business as mapping the state into strings and twists and contortions. That the house at Columbus has chosen to ignore this altered opinion, this higher citizenship, is only one more piece of evidence that the present legislature is wholly dominated by reactionary leaderships. The gerrymander voted the other day hasn't any other excuse than that the trick has been played before. And that is no better excuse than the defense of the burglar who said the house he had robed showed plainly the jimmy marks of previous housebreakers.

THE DISAVOWAL.

If you know St. Louis you know a town of unpardonable impudence and sordidness. In the city's history there is no better illustration of this than the recent development that a firm of St. Louis furriers has cornered the ermine market for the coronation, to pay just twice as much for this emblem of royalty as it is ordinarily charged.

Of course the good people of Newport and Fifth avenue who are crowding Englishmen out of their homes—at a round price—are frightfully mortified. They feel it keenly and deeply. But they can show their disavowal of complicity in their countryman's trickery when the hour comes to bow before the king. Instead of merely bending the knee, let them fall upon their stomachs and gracefully writhe. We are sure that King George V.—descendant of George III.—will appreciate the situation.

THE FALL OF DIAZ.

No one may know what bitterness gripped at the heart of Porfirio Diaz when he carried out his promise to resign. Behind him was a full generation of power. He knew that he had given his land peace and prosperity. He had lifted it out of anarchy, united its struggling masses, provided it with a position of strength in the world, made it a nation responsible and respected. In the end he steps down and out, not only personally discredited, but torn with dread lest the country should fall again into the chaos from which he had rescued her.

Diaz ruled over Mexico too long. The government he founded was an enlightened government in the day of construction. But, as time moved swiftly on, that liberalism, as compared with progress elsewhere on earth, became hard and fast conservatism. It did not change to better things—at least to the better things certain countrymen of the president dreamed of. He seems to have stopped with the task of stability. The idea of humanitarianism, the uplifting of the poor and hiserable, the curbing of the selfish and powerful, the prevention of graft and public dishonor, if it occurred to him, did not inspire his hand. He was left stranded while progress moved on. Today he is a broken, sorrowful figure, awaiting the last call, which, by all accounts, will soon strike upon his ears.

LABOR AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Louis D. Brandies, in an answer to members of organized labor who have opposed the introduction of Scientific Management, says:

The path of the pioneer is beset with obstacles. It was easier to tap the inexhaustible foreign labor supply than to devise and introduce better methods and better management. Instead of keeping down the labor cost by eliminating unnecessary human effort and increasing the production of the individual, we met the workingman's demand for higher wages by the increased supply of workers. Instead of conserving the workingmen we accepted the ready substitutes for those incapacitated by disease, or accident, resulting from excessive toil or improper conditions of employment.

Native labor has seen the peril in unrestricted immigration and has been one of the strongest forces on the side of reform of overliberal laws. With immigration once stayed and strictly limited, resident labor gains a stronger arm in the fight for higher wages. Experiments so far conducted in scientific management do not indicate any intention to use it for the purpose of combating demands for higher pay. On the other hand, it shows an intention to concede these demands since increased production and economies of energy and time permit meeting the demands in the face of competition.

It is to be expected that wrongs will be committed, that ills will appear, in any movement so revolutionary as this. But as other movements have turned out better for all in the long run, so may labor count upon benefits from Scientific Management.

DANGEROUS SWEETNESS.

The value of saccharin, that drug with which the poison squad struggled to its subsequent discomfort, is in its sweetness and cheapness. It is said to be 300 times more sweet than cane sugar. One part to 10,000 amply sweetens water. Considering the results obtained, certain foood manufacturers found it cheaper and more convenient to use saccharin. The government, basing its views of the danger of this chemical upon evidences of disturbed digestions, has given notice that after July 1, next, the use of saccharin in food products will constitute a violation of the pure food and drug law.

Chemically, saccharin is in no way related to the several forms of sugar. It is not found in nature as are the sugars, but is the product of a process working with coal tar as the raw material. The effect of sweetness is but a chance characteristic. Compounds of cyanogen, among them prussic acid, have the odor of peaches. Obviously prussic acid would never be introduced into the arts and trades to produce the flavor of peaches. Other compounds of cyanogen suggest the odor of almonds. A practice, more common a few years ago than now, was the mixing of artificially made ethers for the production of flavors in soda water. As the same ethers do occur free in fruit any danger in the use of factory-made ethers would be due to impurities left from chemical processes or to their concentration in quantity.

The case of saccharin is but another instance of the fact that many things are not what they seem to be. No doubt many food manufacturers used the drug in all innocence and, as first inquiries proved, there was no certainty in the minds of scientists that it was harmful. The poison squad had to be formed and watched in order that the exact facts might be learned. We recall that a local miller protested vigorously against the order against the sale of artificially bleached flour. He asked what harm there could be in electricity which did the bleaching? He was not aware of the real service which the electrtcity performed, which was not the actual service sought. What it did do was to form chemicals which aided as a bleach. The government chemist found that these chemicals were not always removed by neutralized.

A CONSISTENT MAN.

John D. Rockefeller has made a return of $1,000 worth of personal property.—News dispatch from Cleveland.

When all is said and done the world should be thankful for the possession of such a hypocritical old sinner as John D. He is so beautifully consistent to his physiognomy, his record, his platitudes, his soapy conversation.

One of the confusions of human life is that there never was a man who was wholly bad. There is good in the worst of us. You have a neighbor, mayhap, who would dip his hand into the tin cup of a blind man if no one were looking. You hate him for his crookedness, but you remember that he has done friends a good turn or two, played the decent citizen upon occasion, been thoughtful or made a sacrifice. That spoils your picture. It is difficult to condemn without sticking in a word of praise.

The value in John D. Rockefeller is in the fact that the good in him is so trifling as compared with the good possible to him one doesn't have to bother about the qualifying clause. His consistent meanness saves an awful lot of "nevertheless" and "on-the-other-hands."

THE WAR IN POTASH.

War broke out between the producers of potash in Germany. The various companies proceeded to cut prices, make easy contracts, offer all sorts of advantages to purchasers—in short, attempt to cut the commercial throats of one another.

In the midst of the battle, the big American purchasers hurried agents over to Germany. When these ambassadors sailed for home their coats were buttoned over agreements worth millions of dollars. The American companies, in turn, made new contracts, fixed new prices, in keeping with the lower rates on the raw material, which is a basic constituent of all artificial fertilizers. Then, quite suddenly, the German producers declared peace. They abrogated the contracts with Americans, and, with the help of the German government, made it impossible for the fertilizer companies to do anything at all in the matter, save ask the government at Washington to establish the maximum tariff against German importations. Washington, though declining to take this action, has tried to settle the trouble by diplomacy. Word comes from Hamburg that a conference between representatives of the American purchasers and the German producers, with calm-voiced members of the two governments present, has resulted in the reaching of an understanding.

All this fuss and fury has not been without its good. It has stimulated the geologists of the American government to survey the country where potash rock almost surely exists in paying quantities and to cause the interior department to map out a scheme by which these resources may be utilized to the advantage of both the public ownership and the agricultural interests dependent upon the material.

THE TOY SELLER.

There died in New York the other day a man who devoted 41 years to the sale of toys. His great store was a wonderland. Every conceivable form of toy was there, every idea for the entertainment of children seemed represented. The place about Christmastime was a marvelous exhibition of the good-will in folk and the desire to give pleasure, though the performance of it meant struggling with crowds, waiting for the harassed clerks to give one a minute or so of time, irritations and fervent relief, when out of the doors.

Somewhere in that great vault of the hereafter wherein the little children who have died now dwell, there surely is a higher note of rejoicing. There is shrill welcome and the eyes of the man who gave 41 years of thought to the giving of the most genuine joy in the world must dim with tears. To him heaven is assured.

WHEN THE AIR FLEETS COME.

The fatal accident in Paris is a prophecy of things to be. The aeroplane will be dangerous not alone to the aeronaut and his passengers. The spectators at aerial meets, the farmer in his field, the householder sitting by his chimneyside, the pedestrian in a city street—all will be in the danger zone when the "argosies of the air" shall be.

However much the flying machine may be improved it will never be "fool proof," and it will get beyond control of the most skillful some time. It will come shooting down out of cloudland and whoever is luckless enough to be in the way may himself be speeded skyward. Careless passengers will drop things which will fall just where they shouldn't. The birdman, repairing his engine, may let a wrench slip from his hand. Such a tool falling from a height will have no quality of mercy. Bricks knocked from buildings, cornices torn off, flagstaffs snapped off, wires torn away, tree branches broken, will multiply the casualties.

Mechanical inventions, from pins to locomotives, have in their degree been the agents of death. They are most perilous, usually, in their early history. People learn to use them properly, to dodge them or keep well away from their area of destructiveness. Folk must go through the same course of training now that the flying machine is a realty. The mortality of this invention, however, bids fair to run rings around all other contrivances so far conceived of the mind of man.

A BLOW TO A THEORY.

An American traveler in Hayti once described the country as one having the most cheerful aspect imaginable, the people as being more cheerless than any other people under the sun.

There is an interesting theory in natural science to the effect that forms of animal life show an intimate relationship to their environment. Not until a few years ago was the theory applied to human life. But it has been an engaging idea to sociologists. It helped to explain many puzzles. It saved a lot of thinking. It permitted of waving aside many considerations and saying that people merely reflected their environment, were the products of the local conditions of existence.

Hayti would appear to represent either an exception proving the rule, or else contradiction to the whole hypothesis, absolutely nullifying it. When one reads of the land as rich beyond dreams, clothed with beautiful verdure, water with clear, tumbling streams from the mountains, giving forth food with the slightest encouragement, one feels that here man should furnish the picture of an earthly paradise. When one reads the recent dispatches saying that another revolt had been crushed with hideous, unprintable brutality, that three gunboats had come limping into Kingston for repairs, one thinks of Hayti as unspeakably repulsive.

The peace which providence invites is rejected. The good which God gives lavishly is made vile. The theory of environment is rendered futile by the thoughts, the selfishness, the cruelties in the hearts of man.

QUARRELING WITH THE PAST.

An English town-planning expert has been visiting Chicago and commenting upon its promise. We find this regretful sentence in his interview.

If the forefathers of present day Chicagoans, as they sat about their firesides 50 years ago, had foreseen Chicago as a city of 2,225,000 population and had planned for the future accordingly, much of the planning for a city beautiful would not now be necessary.

It is getting quite the custom to quarrel with our fathers' want of foresight. Had they but dipped a little into the future, we say, a tremendous amount of trouble and money might have been saved. But no one today is any better equipped than were our progenitors in the matter of telescopic instruments capable of penetrating the veil of time. Each generation has to perform its own work and, if part of our present task consists in undoing the things performed a quarter century ago, we are doubtless piling up the same kind of difficulties for our descendants.

AFTER THE WEATHER MAN.

The Democratic house has assumed another labor of investigation. It will overhaul the weather bureau, discover, if it can, why it is that the predictions don't always jibe with subsequent events and suggest plans for supplying farmers, shippers, navigators, travelers and baseball fans with exact information.

Of all the scientific departments, the weather bureau was started with the least amount of knowledge of its particular subject. Independent observers had gathered a small amount of disassociated facts and based conclusions, as it suited them, upon the facts. But meteorology was a very indefinite thing, strongly fibred with bad guesses, myths, traditions and theories. It was like the German grammar of which Mark Twain complained. For every page of rules there were forty pages of exceptions. When the weather bureau was started it was with little worth while. It had to map out a campaign of study and there was no way of telling how long it might be before the study would permit of the laying down of rules. Everyone knows that the bureau is far more efficient than it was. It is getting the hang of the weather, learning its multitudinous tricks, its coyness and treachery. It is, in the nature of the case, a slow affair.

It is safe to say that the house committee which is to investigate the bureau will report that Mr. Moore's scattered company of observers is doing the best it can in the circumstances and that, when it comes to absolute knowledge as to whether a predicted rain will fall in Toledo or Maumee or both, this is putting a rather hard strain on the business of prophecy.

If some men got paid for the overtime they put in seeking pleasure they would soon be millionaires.

Sunday School

A NATION'S SECOND CHANCE

International Sunday School Lesson for June 4 Is "Israel's Penitence and God's Pardon," Hosea 4.

By William T. Ellis.

One man's trouble sometimes becomes the world's welfare. Personal grief has often driven many a man into public service. Plunged into the bitterness of sorrow himself, a man becomes broadened and humanized, and quick to take thought for the grief of others. Thus William Wallace, by the murder of his bride, according to the familiar story, was led to espouse the cause of Scotland. So the author of this book, from which many of the familiar phrases of literature are taken, became a prophet through the horrible disaster which befell his own home life, probably through the immoralities of idolatry. His wife proved false to him; the children about his table were not his own children; and at length his wife fell to the state of an open and avowed public prostitute. Later, in her inevitable misery and forsakeness, her husband took her back to himself; not as a wife, of course, for such a restoration would have been impossible, but as a poor penitent creature to be cared for so long as she should survive.

Thus came into being this incoherent prophecy of Hosea. The early chapters are a strange blending of the story of Hosea's domestic calamity, and the faithlessness of Israel, the bride of God, to her Lord. The erring nation, which had gone after strange gods, is addressed and described under the figure of a harlot. The completeness of her decline from her former glory, and her fall from her blessed privileges, is set forth most tragically by the man whose own poignant grief feathered the arrows of his speech.

When Nations Go Astray.

The futility as well as the folly of sin is a lesson which man has been slow to learn. "It is worse than a crime; it is a blunder," is a famous mot of general application to sin. That "honesty is the best policy," is a low reason for being honest is true; nevertheless, it is a valid reason. "Virtue is its own reward," but it also, eventually and in general, brings other more tangible rewards in its train. Israel's defection to the idolatrous nations was bad policy, as well as a sin against the Most High.

The prophet adverts again and again to Egypt and Assyria, the two great heathen nations after the ways of which Israel lusted, and insists that their favor is not comparable to that of Jehovah. In the ever-recurring choice between the changing fashions of earth and the changeless way of heaven, Israel was electing to do the popular thing, rather than the right thing. But most seekers after popularity are short-sighted; and the erring Jews were pinning their confidence to a losing cause. The boasted and boastful Memphis and Asshur, to which Hosea alludes, are now ruins, long forgotten, until the spade of the archaeologist turned them up: I have walked over both of them, and above all their buried pillars and palaces could be read, "Ichabod,"—"the glory has departed."

this flaming Jew of old, whose words are today being conned by millions, was thinking in national terms. He was able, especially in the latter part of his propbecy, to rise above what was personal and temporal in the situation, and deal with national problems. The art of thinking imperially is one that the teachers of today should impart to all their pupils. It is fair and reasonable exegesis to apply this story to our own land and time. In its early days, and time of weakness, this nation was deeply and publicly religious. Now, in the time of our prosperity, we are tempted to go after the idols of show and wealth and material power, leaning upon Assyria and Egypt, as it were. So the prophet message for the hour is a summons back to our first love, and to a childlike loyalty to Jehovah. The greatest of present-day prophets speaks it in his Song of the English:

"Fair is our lot—Oh goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale!

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own;
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord."

The Torch That Never Goes Out.

If anybody thinks that history goes by haphazard, let him look at the Jews. Babylonia, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, all have perished and become memories but this strange little people, often oppressed and led captive, dispersed among the nations, so that, were they like other peoples they would long ere this have lost their identity and been merged with the races about them, yet nevertheless, persist in their racial integrity in all lands and despite all vicissitudes. Isreal is a torch lighted by God, and he has not let any of the fiercest blasts of history blow it out. Sometimes it has been trampled into embers, and scattered widely, and the fragments seem to smoulder at a point just above extinction; but the fire still burns, and from it has come the Light to lighten many nations.

One who has traveled in the lands with which the Bible deals finds himself in the grip of a great conviction concerning the Jews. In them he beholds the clearest attestation of the truth of Old Testament prophecy. He sees them living, and at present in growing power, in the lands of their former exile, though their ancient oppressors have been gone from the scene for centuries. In Bagdad, there has been within a generation a strange recrudescence of the vitality of the huge Jewish population. Long in poverty and misery, they are now lifting up their heads in prosperity, are building great schools, teaching their sons and daughters the English language, and making ready to profit by the rehabilitation of Mesopotamia, through the irrigation project of Sir William Willcocks. In Palestine also, although opposed by the Turkish government, the Jews are steadily increasing in numbers and power. Link these facts with the cognate fact that the Jews are increasing in might in America and Europe, and that the archaeologists are making strange new discoveries, in Samaria and Jerusalem, concerning the history of the Chosen People, and one is bound to pause and ask, "What do these things mean?" Surely, there is one persisting divine purpose running through all the course of history.

The Religion for Men Who Sin.

In the contemplative philosophies of the East, there is much that is attractive to a speculative mind; and not a few Europeans have been so far recreant to the teachings of history, and their own racial inheritance, as to accept these as their religion, discarding Christianity. All other considerations aside, however, these ethnic religions fail because they do not provide pardon for man's sins. In the summer days of thoughtlessness these vague teachings may please, but in the stress and struggle and sin of real living the human heart cries aloud for forgiveness. Like Israel of old, men are still prone to slip away from their great allegiance, and to seek false gods. An ever-present reality, with which all sound philosophy and history must reckon, is the huge fact of sin. You cannot explain yourself, nor your neighbor, nor that aggregation of neighbors called the world, unless you take sin into account. That is why we must have a tender-hearted Father God, who is "slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

Russia's foreign policy is often pointed to as an instance of indomitable patience, and men marvel at this large-mindedness. But what of the patience of Jehovah, who has waited millenniums for the fulfilment of his purposes, and for the return of his wandering children? There is nothing else like it in the universe; it can only be measured by the distance from the East to the West. The forbearing heart of God is enough to break a human heart of adament.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

A Hope for the Heartsick.

This is the promise which Hosea holds out. Despite all the backslidings of Isreal, Jehovah would yet abundantly pardon. That is the word for the sore hearts of men. Everybody who at all knows himself, knows that his deepest need is forgiveness. He wants that peace which only right relations with God can impart. All that he has will a man give for this. The remoteness from God which is a penalty of sin is the tragedy above all other tragedies. We are solicitous about one another's earthly estate, and we congratulate our neighbor when fortune comes to him, and sympathize when losses befall, but we seldom wonder about his real welfare, the state of his spirit. "Is it well with thy soul?" is the deepest question that friend may presume to ask of friend. And to hold out, tactfully and lovingly, the hope which is the climax of Hosea's prophecy is the noblest office that man can render to man.

Many a mother, who is not wise in the world's love, yet sees clearly that, transcending all the high ambitions of her children for themselves, is the importance of a clear and vital religious life. She would rather have her sons godly than great. And many a wife carries a sore heart beneath the silks and furs which her husband's great prosperity has bought for her, because she knows that he is slipping away from his first love for the Lord. The honors and deference and wealth and position which are his are of little avail in her clear-seeing eyes, alongside of the failure of his spiritual health. All lesser blessings are of small moment as compared with being right with God.

Honey From the Rock.

To draw sweetness from adversity, songs from sorrow, comfort from pain, ministry from misery, is the divine possibility of mortal. As we study this agonizing heart-cry of Hosea, calling his nation back to God, we realize the heights to which man can soar, I have seen men jest while the very sin was being cut from their bodies and make laughter over the pain that racked their frames; women wear smiling faces when their bodies are in torment; and it is common for persons to hide grief beneath gaiety. But the height gained by Hosea is sublime, putting to shame our ignoble complainings and whimperings. In his book the three great human passions blend in one heart-stricken strain—love of home, which had been devastated; love of country, which was rushing on the rocks of disaster; and love of God, whom the people were forsaking and scorning.

Very practical and pertinent is the obvious lesson from the prophecy that a pure God is the bulwark of the integrity of the home and of the nation. It is not the earnest Christian people who crowd the divorce courts, or fill the newspapers with scandal. Family religion is the best guaranty of domestic happiness. There is not likely to be strife in the home where all the members gather daily about the altar of a living Father. So in the larger family which we call the nation. "Happy is that people whose God is Jehovah." "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Look over the earth today, and the most prosperous and peaceful nations are those which have been built upon an open Bible. The safest assurance of national integrity is the faithful preaching of religion. The greatest poem which our generation has produced is this call to a nation to the God of its fathers:

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!"

Varieties

Forests cover one-quarter of the area of the kingdom of Saxony.

Physicians practicing in Germany number 32,449, or 5.01 for each 10,000.

A building made of compressed paper houses a large restaurant in Hamburg.

The Turkish minister of war has decided to introduce water filters in the army.

For each dollar that New York city receives in taxes 2 cents goes to public charities.

Soap or black lead rubbed into the hinges of a door that squeaks often will remedy the trouble.

New York city has doubled the value of the output of its manufactured products in the last 10 years.

A new cover for street manholes screws into its socket so that wagons cannot knock it out of place.

Norway sells matches and paper to the United States, the East Indies, the United Kingdom and Germany.

In a new English incandescent light a cluster of rods replaces the more familiar and more fragile mantle.

A spoon with a strainer in the center of the bowl that a New Yorker has invented has many household uses.

The latest figures show that there are 7,000,000 persons living within 10 miles of Herald square, New York.

An instrument for measuring the nocturnal terrestrial radiation of heat has been invented by a Danish scientist.

Vienna's new aqueduct will cost $11,000,000 and will supply about 1,200,000 persons with water.

Hamburg's water works are under the control of the city government and as a rule private houses are supplied with meters.

In a sandpapering machine patented by a Virginian an endless belt of sand paper is rotated by two drums driven by a treadle.

Skilled chauffeurs are hard to find in Russia. They are careful drivers, but in general are unable to make even slight repairs.

A street sprinkling wagon from which the water issues in flat sheets striking the ground without splashing, is a recent invention.

For the housewife's convenience there has been patented a draining rack for wet dishes that may be hung on the rim of a dishpan.

During the last five years New York city has put $447,000,000 into buildings and the promise is for a larger amount in the next five years.

If the residents of New York city drank all of the milk that comes into the city each inhabitant would drink an average of seven barrels a year.

The quantity of primary lead consumed in the United States in 1910 was 376,021 tons, an increase of 6,000 tons or 1.6 per cent over the consumption of 1909.

Munich has a museum in which the development of illumination from the pine splinter of centuries ago to the most modern electrical devices may be studied.

Manhattan's postoffice is growing more rapidly than any other postoffice in the world. It is now delivering on the island an average of 3,500,000 letters every working day.

The production of American salt broke all records in 1909, reaching $8,343,831, says the United States Geological Survey. It was produced in practically one-third of the states.

Great Britain imports from the United States a majority of the cinematograph films used by it. It costs from 6 to 50 cents to see a moving picture show in Great Britain.

An iceman who has quit the business and has become "converted" is visiting his former customers in Muskogee, Okla., and offering restitution for having "short-weighted" them.

Bremen's new common schools are provided with bathing halls, where the students may take shower baths. At present the bath is not compulsory, but is under the regulation of the school board.

Owing to the diminishing supply of sturgeon caviar, Siberian fisheries have been experimenting with salmon roe, a commodity that was formerly thrown away as valueless or even injurious to health.

New Yorkers are the biggest boarrowers in the world; at least they are so collectively, for the city owes several times as much as any other city in the country and more than one-half as much as the largest 27 other cities in the land.

Sweden, according to a Paris newspaper, supplied half the pulp paper of last year's production, and in 70 years, we are told, Swedish forests will have disappeared. During the last electric France required 845,535 kilograms of paper for bills alone.

The chief of the clan of McIntosh once had a dispute with a cabby over the fare. "Do you know whom you am?' the Highlander asked angrily. "I am the McIntosh.' "I don't care if you are an umbrella,' retorted the cabby. "I'll have my rights."

In Jamaica 5 per cent of the 19,051 landed properties are valued at less than $200 each. Nearly all of these small holdings are owned by negroes who live chiefly on salt fish and on fruits and vegetables, especially yams grown by themselves.

Until Chinese ideas came to be decendant, the Japanese never thought of keeping women in subjection, says the Oriental Review. Feminine chieftains are frequently mentioned in the old histories and there have been famous Japanese empresses.

It is announced from Hamburg that prominent colonial interests there are forming a company with a capital of $240,000 to exploit the whole fishery of southwest African waters, where Norwegian companies are now reaping enormous dividends.

The doctrine of heredity would seem to have received a blow in the birth of a physically perfect 7-pound son to the wife of Samuel D. Parks, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. She is the midget—37 inches high—of a circus, and he is the "frogman."

All Saints' chapel at Newport, R. I., which a few years ago was one of the most fashionable churches in New England, attended by the most exclusive of the Newport summer colony and the scene of several notable society weddings, is to be sold under court order for the lack of a congregation.

The six leading states in the salt industry are Michigan, New York, Ohio, Kansas, Louisiana and California, and in 1909 these six states produced salt valued at $7,714,557. The salt from these states is obtained from rock salt, sea water and natural brine—in other words, from all the known sources of salt.

IT CURES
Rheumatism

A Kansas City Chemist Who Discovered a Simple Prescription That Cures Rheumatism Makes a Liberal Offer.

Mr. H. Lee, a chemist, located at —— East 15th St., Kansas City, Mo., discovered a simple preparation that cures any form of Rheumatism. Mr. Lee said: "A friend of mine who had a very bad case of Rheumatism tried this preparation and was completely cured. Hundreds of people have since used it and were completely cured. I am receiving many letters from people all over the country who want to know about it. I will gladly give anyone information who writes me."

Anyone troubled with Rheumatism should write Mr. H. Lee, 829 East 15th St., as this information is sent free.

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A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1.00 4-oz. $2.00 13-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

SEE GATES BEHIND WAR ON U. S. STEEL

Financier Credited With Republic Company's Decision for "Open Policy"

New York, May 25.—The Republic Iron & Steel Co. has announced that it is going after business with "a more aggressive sales policy."

This statement was made by Chairman Topping at yesterday's monthly meeting of the American Iron & Steel institute, the medium through which Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel corporation, has held the industry in orderly resistance to temptations toward price cutting through three successive slumps in the buying of steel products since the panic of 1907 gave the high tide of steel prosperity such a sudden check.

Started One Price War.

It was the Republic Iron & Steel Co. which started the price war of 1904, the first setback the steel industry had after the organization of the corporation, and although there were many steel men in New York who were unwilling to attach much importance to the apparent intention of the Republic Iron & Steel Co. to cut prices in steel and iron bars, Wall street worried and wondered whether the move was the bginning of an attempt of John W. Gates, who is a dominent figure in the concern, to lead a revolt against the policy of price maintenance behind which Judge Gary has entrenched himself.

War Council Held.

After the meeting of the Iron and Steel institute at which President Topping came out with his declaration of independence, Judge Gary and half a dozen of the leading representatives of the Independents met at luncheon in the railroad club in the Wall street district to talk things over. Judge Gary left for a trip to the west immediately after luncheon, but he left this statement behind of what he had to say:

"I have seen the statement published by John A. Topping, chairman of the Republic Iron & Steel board, and have consulted with many of the prominent and representative men connected with the steel industry. Just what the outcome will be I cannot say at this time. I believe, however, that friendly and co-operative relations which have heretofore existed will be continued in the steel interests generally. Our principles and policies have hitherto been stated and published. I cannot be more specific for the present."

Outcome Is Doubtful.

The Republic Iron & Steel Co., outside of the steel corporation, is about the second largest manufacturer of steel bars in the country.

Strong on Railroad Products.

It is also a large manufacturer of iron bars, bolts and nuts, spikes and other forms of railroad iron. It has not been a competitor of the steel corporation in plates or other finished steel products, but has plants in course of construction which will soon put it in the plate market.

The price of bar steel had been nominally $1.40 a hundredweight Pittsburg for some time, but it has been current report that this was being shaded. There were reports from Pittsburg of sales as low as $1.25, which is $5 a ton lower than the lowest price previously reported.

There are many different prices for different kind of bars and independents who have favored the Gary policy have maintained that no soft bars have been sold below $1.40.

IRISH CENSUS SHOWS A LOSS

London, May 27.—Ireland has a population of 4,381,951, according to the census returns made public yesterday. This is a decrease of 76,824 since the last census was taken 10 years ago.

GIRLS WORRY OPPENHEIM, WHO WRITES STORY FOR BLADE

New York, May 24.—"Women are distracting creatures," observed Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, famous author of "A Sleeping Memory," and other big sellers.

The British author was seated in the Waldorf-Astoria when he made his cryptic announcement concerning women.

"A man's life—his thoughts, actions and feelings, are governed by a few well known laws. A man is much more mechanical, less subtle, than a woman. Another man can always understand him, can divine what under given circumstances he is going to do.

"In writing a story now I get to have a friendly feeling for my men characters — when it is finished. I want to shake hands and say, 'Good-by, old chap. Won't you have a cocktail or something before you go?"

Women Are So Lawless.

"But women are my great difficulty. I don't understand them. If the public would let me, I'd write altogether about men. I've never created a feminine character that satisfied me—never one for whom I have the cordial feeling some of my men inspire in me. You see, you women are so lawless, or rather, each one of you makes her own laws, and it's impossible for a man to know any woman well enough to know what, under all circumstances, she will be likely to feel, or say, or do.

"But most men have women reduced to such an easy formula," I said, "according to which it is every woman's aim and end to get married, and they solve everything which puzzles or disconcerts them by falling back upon that idea."

"The ideal woman, you know, should be very feminine, very womanly," Mr. Oppenheim said, "and very, very capricious. She must be very hard to conquer, but utterly conquered when you get it done. And, by way of variety, she mustn't stay conquered forever. One should be obliged to start all over again every little while."

Brains Would Help Some.

"Really,' he added, with what seemed a slight note of apology in his voice, "I think she must have a brain —a good brain. That's the only thing that will keep a man interested for any length of time. A man won't give his whole life and soul to a woman unless she has the brain to understand him, to be his companion in every sense.

"Do you know, I should say the most important quality for a woman to possess is a sense of humor. After all, a sense of humor is only a sense of proportion. It keeps a woman from over-emphasis, from boring, you know."

"Do you think you will ever portray a suffragrette?" I asked.

Suffragettes and Dead Cats.

Mr. Oppenhaim looked a trifle pained.

"Dear, no," he said; "people aren't interested in 'em. Just before I sailed for America I attended the first performance of a play by Jerome K. Jerome dealing with the suffrage question. I forget the title just now, but it fell rather flat.

"To write about, you know, suffragettes are about as interesting as dead cats."

FAVOR SPECIAL PROBERS

Dems Back La Follette Resolution in Lorimer Case.

Washington, May 25.—A new turn was given to the Lorimer case today, when a number of Democratic senators declared in a party caucus called by Senator Martin, that they would support the La Follette resolution, which would place the conduct of the proposed new inquiry in the hands of a special committee of five new senators rather than leave it with the regular senate committee on privileges and elections.

A majority of the Democratic senators, however, are said to be in favor of the so-called Martin resolution, framed at a meeting of the Democratic steering committee several days ago. It was also declared today tht the Martin resolution will have the support of the regular Republicans when it is offered as a substitute both for the La Follette and the Dillingham resolutions.

The Martin resolution enlarges the scope of the new inquiry to include the now famous "jackpot" fund at Springfield.

HAS TWO WIVES IN ONE HOME

Kansan and Spouse Greet Woman Lost in Fire.

Pittsburg, Kan., May 25.—When Mrs. Anna Catherine Sharp, of Oakland, Cal., stepped from a train here yesterday she was met by Peter C. Sharp, from whom she had been separated since the Chicago fire in October, 1871. His present wife, Mrs. Louisa Sharp, was at the depot with him. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp took Sharp's first wife to their home, and Sharp declares that the three will make a happy family.

WOMAN DIES KILLING KITTENS

Stricken With Heart Failure or Overcome by Drug Fumes.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Hillsdale, Mich., May 25.—Mrs. Eva Davis, 50, a widow, was found dead today on a bed in her home at Osseo, this county. She had been dead about 36 hours.

It is believed she died of heart failure while chloroforming two kittens, either from excitement or inhalation of the fumes of the drug. The dead kittens and a bottle that had contained chloroform were found on the bed.

WARSHIP MICHIGAN BEST SHOT

Battleship Wins Gunnery Championship of American Navy.

Washington, May 25.—The battleship Michigan, commanded by Capt. Nathaniel R. Usher, is the premier shot of the American navy. In the spring battle practice just concluded, the Michigan scored 99.929 points of merit and will be awarded the gunnery championship trophy, a red pennant with a black ball in the center, which will fly from its masthead until the honor is wrested from it by a sister ship.

'ONLY WAY' LETTER KILLS GIRL

She Ends Life When Man's Ambition Overleaps His Honor.

Sharon, Pa., May 27.—Miss Gertrude Keim, 22, died Thursday night at the Gilles hotel in Meadville from the effects of ammonia which she drank Tuesday. A letter received from a young man in Erie signed "Clyde,' 'was responsible for the young woman taking the fatal dose, assert the police.

The letter was as follows:

Dear Heart—You are wondering probably, why I am not more prompt in writing or in coming down. Kiddo, it certainly gives me a sick feeling to write what I have to at this time. You have said several times that you felt it coming to this. I mean that I am leaving tonight for New York city. It's the only thing I can do, Kiddo. I have had to decide, and I have done so much thinking that my brain ached. Kiddo, it's the only way, and I am surprised at myself to think that I am strong enough to do it. I dare, dare not think how you will feel. If you can ever forgive me for going away in this way, try and do it. My ambition for an operatic career has got the best of me, and I have got to break with you or my ambition, and my ambition is the strongest now. If I have done wrong in my not telling you to your face it is because I was not strong enough, and that is all the excuse I have. I am very weak in some ways, and have but one strong point and that is my ambition. To save people from wondering at my sudden departure you can tell them you knew it all along and turned me down Friday. My brain is numb now and I can't think what to write; all I think of I drive from my mind by main force. I don't think of the future. This will sound funny to you. Make up with "Slim" and forget me if you can. If you can't you won't be any worse off than I. Good-bye, darling. I am very miserable. "Clyde."

Erie, Pa., May 22, 1911.

HANGS RED LIGHT ON HIMSELF

Man Then Drops Peacefully to Sleep in Street.

Detroit, May 25.—Alexander Abrahams takes no chances when he gets a jag. He proved it before dawn yesterday morning. He became sleepy on his way home and decided to lie down. But before doing so he went to a pile of gravel, where he stole a red lantern and deposited it by his side to warn autos away. Then he went to sleep in the street.

BERNHARDT KISSES AIRMAN

Actress Weeps Over "Fool Flyer" at Sioux City.

Sioux City, Iowa, May 24.—Just after he had been presented to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt on the aviation field, Rene Simon, "the fool flyer," at Woodland park yesterday afternoon made a sensational flight, passing over three states —Iowa, South Dakota and Nebraska— at a height of 3,500 feet. Upon his alighting Bernhardt, in great excitement, wept over him, plucked a rose from her bouquet and gave it to him and then kissed his hand.

TAFT WON'T FREE WALSH OR MORSE

President, After Long Consideration, Refuses Pardon in Both Cases.

Washington, May 25.—President Taft last night denied the applications for the pardon of Charles W. Morse, of New York, and John R. Walsh, of Cnicago, the two most prominent bankers ever convicted, and sent to federal penitentiaries under the national banking laws. Not only did the President refuse to pardon either Morse or Walsh, but he also declined at this time to exercise any other sort of executive clemency in their cases, or to shorten the sentences imposed upon the two men by the courts in which they were convicted.

Takes Firm Stand.

In denying the pardons, the President took a firm stand that the national banking laws or any other laws, must be upheld when they affect the rich man even more than when they affect the poor. The record in the Walsh case, the President said in a long opinion, "shows more turpitude of that insidious and dangerous kind, to punish which the national banking laws were especially enacted." In considering the case of Morse, the President said that "from a consideration of the facts in each case, I have no doubt that Morse should have received a heavier sentence than Walsh. Indeed, the methods taken by Morse tend to show that more keenly than Walsh did he realize the evil of what he was doing."

Mad Rush for Wealth.

In his opinion in the Walsh case, the President protested against the failure to discriminate between legitimate business and improper gain. "The truth is," he said, "that in the mad rush for wealth in the last few decades the lines between profit from legitimate business and improper gain from undue use of trust control over other people's property and money has sometimes been dimmed, and the interest of society requires that whenever opportunity offers, those charged with the enforcement of the law should emphasize the distinction between honest business and dishonest breaches of trust."

May Be Paroled.

The President's denial of the pardon applications of Morse and Walsh does not mean that they must stay in prison until the end of their terms. Walsh began a sentence of five years in the Leavenworth penitentiary in January, 1910, and under the federal parole law, is eligible for parole next September, the President's action last night having no bearing whatever upon future application for parole. Morse begin his 15-year term in the Atlanta penitentiary in Jauary, 1910, also. In denying his application the President granted leave to renew it after January 1, 1913. Under the law, Morse would be eligible for release in 1915.

SEE BIG GROWTH IN 'MOONSHINING'

Government Revenue Officers Ask More Deputies to Suppress Stills.

Birmingham Ala., May 26.—Marked increase in the "moonshine" traffic throughout the southern states that are under prohibition regulation has created a stubborn problem among government officials whose business it is to suppress the illicit manufacture of liquor.

So extensive have been the growth of "moonshine" operations in Alabama and Mississippi, developed by the much greater demand and market for the product as a result of prohibition, that J. O. Thompson, internal revenue collector for these two states, has asked the government for an increase of deputies to cope with the situation.

The deputy force operating against these outlaws in Alabama and Mississippi has made more than 400 arrests of "moonshiners" during the year and has destroyed nearly 1,000 stills turning out enormous quantities of illicit whisky.

Collector Thompson asserts the Moonshine" business could be largely suppressed if the state would co-operate, through its sheriffs and deputies, to make arrests and raid stills, but a bill providing for this was killed in the recent Alabama legislature.

There is a certain fascination about the business which appeals irresistibly to "mountaineers" and inhabitants of the isolated lowlands. There is a combination of danger and enormous profits earned on practically no outlay of capital. The same adventure element makes the business of hunting down "moonshiners" and raiding their stills in the mountain wilds fascinating to men of nerve in the revenue service.

A still which cost $150 was recently destroyed in the mountains of Alabama. It was turning out 70 gallons of whisky a day selling for $2 a gallon. Its net profits were over $90 a day. The average pan and snake still, costing $6, with a capacity of five bushels of corn a day at 50 cents a bushel, earns about $25 a day.

Enormous quantities of "wildcat" liquor are being made in Winston, Lawrence, Blount, Jackson, Marshall, DeKalb, Walker and many other mountain counties of this state, with corn as the basis, while in the lowlands a mammoth product is made from syrup scrapings. These are remote and sparsely settled regions with many avenues of escape. Revenue officers by long and varied experience know the dangers of the mountain peaks and dark hollows when filled with desperate men.

The revenue officers' movements are watched by the keen-eyd inhabitant, and a system of warning and mutual protection among the rugged outlaws is carried out. Taps on farm bells, blasts from fox horns and rifle shots are used.

FISH KILLS PREACHER

Marion, Ind., May 26.—Rev. I. N. Ullery, 60 years old, is dead in Upland of blood poison as a result of a peculiar accident. The minister was fishing in the Mississinewa, and in taking the hook from an ordinary sized cat fish, was horned Little attention was paid to the injury. Blood poison developed, which caused his death.

HARLAN FILES DISSENT

Associated Justice Fears Business Confusion Will Follow Trust Decision.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, May 25.—In an opinion that is likely to become historical as marking an epoch in economics, Associate Justice Harlan today voiced his formal dissent to the majority opinion of the United States supreme court in the Standard Oil cases.

The opinion filed by Justice Harlan is more comprehensive and abounding in authorities than the oral explanation he gave to his dissent to court on the day the Standard Oil case was decided.

He adheres to the views expressed at that time, however, that the insertion of the qualifying word "unreasonable" as to restraints of trade is "judicial legislation."

He Is Alarmed.

Justice Harlan declares that the opinion of Chief Justice White, in effect, informs the subsidiaries of the Standard Oil Co. that although the New Jersey corporation must go out of existence, they may join in an agreement to restrain commerce among the states if such restraint be not undue. Strongly condemning the tendency to bring about the "amending of constitutions and legislative amendments by means of judicial construction as a "harmful tendency," the aged justice says he has watched this tendency in recent years with increasing alarm for the safety of our institutions.

Fears for Business.

The further declaration is made by Justice Harlan that he is convinced the court's opinion "will throw the business of the country into confusion and invite widely extended and harrassing litigation, the injurious effects of which will be felt for many years to come."

In connection with what he terms a "mischevious modification," Justice Harlan quotes the chief justice as saying that "it does not necessarily follow that because an illegal restraint of trade or an attempt to monopolize or a monopolization resulted from the combination and the transfer of the stocks of the subsidiary corporations to the New Jersey corporation, that a like restraint of trade or attempt to monopolize or monopolization would necessarily arise from agreements between one or more of the subsidiary corporations after the transfer of the stock by the New Jersey corporation."

Criticises Court.

As in his oral remarks Justice Harlan devotes himself largely to criticism of the court for holding that not every restraint of trade violates the law. He reiterates that the court reversed its former rulings in the trans-Missouri freight and joint traffic association cases. Quoting several hundred words from each of these opinions, Justice Harlan says:

"These utterances show so clearly and affirmatively as to admit of no doubt that this court, many years ago, upon the fullest consideration, interpreted the anti-trust act, as prohibiting and making illegal not only every contract or combination, in whatever form, which was in restraint of interstate commerce, without regard to its reasonableness or unreasonableness, but all monopolies or attempt to monopolize 'any part' of such trade or commerce."

Quotes Taft Decision.

Justice Harlan, referring to other decisions as bearing out his interpretation of these decisions, calls particular attention to one of Judge Taft, now President, in the Addystone pipe case.

"Judge Taft said," continues Justice Harlan, "that according to the decision of this court in the freight association case, "contracts in restraint of interstate transportation were within the statute, whether the restraints could be regarded as reasonable at common law or not."

The justice, in further support of the statement that the whole country, including the courts and congress, understood that "every" restraint was prohibited, quotes at length from an adverse report made in 1909 by Senator Nelson on behalf of the senate judiciary committee in reference to a bill proposing to amend the Sherman anti-trust law to distinguish between reasonable and unreasonable restraints.

Harland Is Surprised.

"After what has been adjudged," Justice Harlan says, "upon full consideration as to the meaning and scope of the anti-trust act, and in view of the usages of this court when attorneys for litigants have attempted to reopen questions that have been deliberately decided, I confess to no little surprise as to what has occurred in the present case.

Against Old Ruling.

"On reading the opinion just delivered," he adds, "the first inquiry will be, that as the court is unanimous in holding that the peculiar things done by the Standard Oil Co. and its subsidiary companies in this case were illegal under the anti-trust act whether those things were in reasonable or unreasonable restraint of interstate commerce, why was it necessary to make an elaborate argument, as done in the opinion, to show that according to the 'rule of reason' the act passed by congress should be interpreted as if contained in the word 'unreasonable' or the word 'undue.'

The only answer which, in frankness, can be given to this question, is that the court intends to decide that its deliberate judgment, 15 years ago, to the effect that the act permitted no restraint whatever of interstate commerce, whether reasonable or unreasonable, was not in accordance with the 'rule of reason.' In effect the court says that it will now, for the first time, bring the discussion under the 'light of reason,' and apply the 'rule of reason' to the questions to be decided. I have the authority of this court for saying that such a course of proceeding on its part would be 'judicial legislation.'"

PLAN TO CRUSH OUT CAMORRA

National Congress Discusses Measures to Extirpate Organizations.

Girgenti, Sicily, May 27.—The national congress convened by the minister of justice, which is setting here, will consider the extirpation of the Camorra, the Mafia, and other organizations of Southern Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia.

Nearly 2,000 prominent jurists and criminolgists are in attendance.

Former Premier Luzatti, in a speech to the congress, said that little improvement was to be hoped for until three semi-savage regions had been civilized by primary schools, ways of communication, water supply, and other innovations.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

ANYBODY, anywhere can make $3 daily growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, boxes, etc. Markets waiting. Free illustrated booklet. Hiram Barton, 335 West 48th st., New York.

MALE HELP WANTED.

ADVERTISEMENT writers earn from $25 to $100 a week. You can learn quickly. Ask for free information. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

PERSONAL.

MARRY wealth and beauty. Marriage directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 214 C. G., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. The Exchange, Box 829 B. C., Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

HELP WANTED.

GOVERNMENT wants railway mail clerks, carriers, postoffice clerks. Thousands of appointments coming. Write for list, Franklin Institute, Dept. R-72, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE Best Selling Vacuum Cleaner in America—Agents are making from $50 to $100 per week. We want a representative in every town to handle the sale of the Golden Rod vacuum cleaner. To men who are capable of organizing and instructing solicitors we have a very special inducement. Write today for particulars.

THE HUGRO MANUFACTURING CO., 1301 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$20,000 A YEAR from chickens—you can be successful if you read American Hen Magazine, 25 cents a year. Sample copy free. Agents wanted. American Hen Magazine, Chicago.

PUBLIC LANDS.

1,000,000 ACRES in Arkansas for homesteading. Where located and how secured shown in our 1910 booklet, sent postpaid 25c. H. D. Glass, Dept. W, Harrison, Ark.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

This Page Is Read In

A Quarter Million Homes

From Maine to California Every Week.

For the small sum of THREE DOLLARS you can reach all of them with a five-line advertisement, this size:

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

By using the MAIL ORDER MARKET of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, your announcement will be delivered right into the HOME. Here is a chance to tell the young man of your plan, a new way for him to go into business for himself. The father of the family may be considering the sale of a portion of his land holdings. The old farm may be on the market. A chance to buy, sell or trade would have an interested audience among the readers of the

MAIL ORDER MARKET

A new business can be started in these columns. You won't need a large capital to start with, as there are over a MILLION readers of the Weekly Blade every week. This makes it possible to avoid the expense of salesmen. The MAIL ORDER MARKET is your salesmen. Just think, a FIVE-LINE advertisement would cost you only $3.00. The circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE is now OVER 225,000—figuring an average of five to a family, your adv. will be placed before a million readers. A letter to all these people would cost (even if you used 1c postage) $10,000.00. This is how advertising is a paying business.

Fill out the coupon below:

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

CALL LADY GORDON SMUGGLER

Officials Raid Her Dress Shop in New York.

New York, May 26.—"Lucille, Limited," a corporation dressmaking concern, established here in January, 1910, in West Thirty-sixth street, by Lady Duff Gordon, wife of Sir Cosmo Edmund Gordon, as a branch of Lady Gordon's main store in London, England, was raided yesterday afternoon by Deputy Surveyor Norwood and Customs Inspector Williams. Thomas J. Duggan, the manager, was placed under arrest by Deputy United States Marshal Reed.

Duggan's arrest was made on a warrant issued by Commissioner Shields, charging the accused man with conspiring with Abraham Merritt, the secretary, "unlawfully, knowingly and corruptly" to import women's apparel from England at less than their true values. Wemple said the undervaluations amounted to at least 50 per cent of the value of the imported goods.

A subpoena will be issued today for Lady Gordon's appearance as a witness before the federal grand jury. Lady Gordon is a daughter of Douglas Sutherland, of London, and was the widow of James S. Wallace when she married in March, 1900, Sir Cosmo Edmund Duff Gordon, the fifth baronet of that name.

GAMBLERS ROBBED OF $25,000

Masked Men Enter Resorts and Take the Winnings.

New York, May 26.—Details of a battle between rival cliques of New York gamblers in which one side lost nearly $25,000 in cash, became common property along Broadway today, although the police professed ignorance.

The warfare between the gamblers of the city has been on for some time. The two masked men, it is said, entered a Sixth avenue establishment early yesterday morning and at the point of revolvers robbed the proprietors of about $16,000 in cash, most of which had been won from a single wealthy patron in the night's play. Later the same masked pair visited several other well known gambling houses and succeeded in getting away with the "bank' in each place.

UPSETS BUTT WEDDING TALK

President Taft's Sister-in-Law Denies Report She Is Engaged.

New York, May 27.—"Why, I hardly know Maj. Butt, and I haven't seen him for a year," said Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, President Taft's sister-in-law, when she arrived from Europe yesterday on the steamer Cleveland. She denied that she was engaged to the President's aide, a rumor Maj. Butt has said was without foundation.

EAGLE DISPUTES RIGHT OF AIRMAN

Aviator Gilbert, in Race From Paris to Madrid, Uses Revolver on Bird.

Madrid, May 26.—Misfortune met all three of the aviators on the flight to the Spanish capital from St. Sebastian, which is the most difficult stage of the Paris to Madrid race. All, however, are reported this afternoon to be heroically trying to continue the flight toward this city.

Fought With Eagle.

Gibert, who left St. Sebastian at 6:28 o'clock this morning, passed over Tolosa and then over Vitoria, but when about 18 miles from Vitoria it is reported that he was attacked by an eagle and was forced to defend himself by shooting the bird with his revolver. Gibert landed abruptly at Olazagutia, about 40 miles from San Sebastian, but was not hurt. He awaited at that town for the arrival of his mechnic to repir the aeroplane.

Vedrine, who started at San Sebastian at 7:15 o'clock, after passing Bribiesca, 100 miles from San Sebastian, landed at Quintanapalla, about 140 miles north of Madrid. On landing he met with a slight accident and hurried to Burgos, three miles from Quintanapalla, to seek help in repairing his machine.

Wanted New Machine.

Garros was not so fortunate as his comrades. When seven miles outside of St. Sebastian his motor failed, and he was forced to descend in a field at Usurbil. On landing Garros narrowly missed a collision with an electric cable carrying 5,000 volts.

Garros returned to St. Sebastian, intending to mount another machine and resume his flight. On being informed that he would be disqualified if he used a new machine, the aviator returned to Usurbil by automobile, accompanied by Alfred LeBlanc, and they will make an effort to repair the deranged motor.

King Alfonso and other members of the royal family took luncheon at the aerodrome here while awaiting the arrival of the birdmen on the third and final stage of the big race.

HENS SAVE CHOKING ROOSTER

Remove Obstruction That Is Slowly Strangling Their Consort.

Rising Sun, Md., May 27.—Choking on a piece of bread and lying down to die, the life of a large rooster on the Alfred Cameron farm was saved by the hens, which picked his mouth and throat clean, admitting air.

New Vitality for Men

USE THE

Free Coupon

Vitality gives you the manly courage to protect those depending upon you, as portrayed in the picture. No matter what thoughtless action or early indiscretion may have sapped your strength, Vitality restores it to you. It makes you over into a strong, vital, manly man, without an ache, pain or weakness. Vitality puts the real VIGOR OF YOUTH into your blood, no matter how nervous or debilitated you may be, it puts the sunshine of vigorous manhood into your life; I make you feel young and keep you feeling young, without the use of drugs, without the necessity of dieting, without one bit of change in your present mode of living, except, of course, dissipation must cease. Just lead a manly life and use my HEALTH BELT; everything else will come. My HEALTH BELT, worn nights, pours a great, soft stream of VITAL STRENGTH into your blood, nerves and organs during all the hours you sleep; in one night it takes the kink, pain or weakness out of your back, see long friends will say: "How well you look," and you are answering: "Never felt better in my life!" Your eyes will sparkle with health; you will have that pleasing influence to fascinate and control which comes to all full-blooded, strong, vital, manly men. Thousands upon thousands are now using my Health Belt all over the world. With special attachments it cures rheumatism, kidney, bladder, stomach disorders, etc.

This 96-page book, illustrated with photo-engravings, gives a fund of health, vigor and vitality information which no man, single or married, can afford to be without; it points out Nature's way to preserve manhood and how to restore it. I send it to you willingly, free of charge in a plain, sealed envelope. There will be no obligations on your part; keep it in your pocket, think over what it contains, then if you need me I am here at your service. The book fully describes my Health Belt. It contains a chapter on rheumatism, stomach disorders and other ills. If you are in or near New York, drop into see me; no charge whatsoever for professional advice. Please fill in the coupon when you send for book.

Let Me Send You This Book FREE

DR. T. B. SANDEN CO., 1151 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

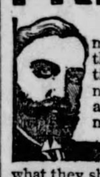
Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised free.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a treatment for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for,

what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter. Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3877. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people benefited after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc. AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 10B Marine Building, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

HOUSEHOLD. THE PEACE PAGE. HOUSEHOLD.

ELIZABETH AYRES EDITOR

Mary Cassidy's Joy Ride

ELIZABETH AYRES

'TWAS wan iligant evenin' recent, come to the tip of a day, as iligant as the evenin' which tipped off that same. 'Twas me that was standin' forninst me front door, rubberin' at Cassidy and Donovan. 'Twas thim that was havin' a parade up an' down the walk, let alone their pipe-smokin' wid niver a wurd spoke by the wan to the other between thim.

'Twas Cassidy that was sad an' sore wid the worry of havin' Mary Cassidy out of his sight, an' him home from his work, let alone his not knowin' for sure, where 'twas she had went, her havin' left home early before he had came, to carry the clothes to the lady she accommodates wid washin'. 'Twas me that was gettin' made nervous be the sight of thim two trompin' an' smokin' widout speakin' wurds, when up comes Mary Cassidy, settin' stylish on the front seat of a grand autymobile, wid the hat av her restin' on wan ear, an' the red hair av her all fuzzled an' crazy-lookin' something fierce, let alone her tootin' the horn, an' laughin' to beat the band.

"Well, what do you know about that?" says Donovan to Cassidy.

Sure 'twas Cassidy that was knowin' nothin' at all, at all, him bein' struck to the likes av a wooden Indian, wid his mouth gapin' an' wid niver a wurd to let outen him. 'Twas Mary Cassidy that took an' come down from the autymobile like a rich woman, wid money to spind, an' maybe some laid by in the bank, her bein' that careless an' sassy actin'.

"'Tis the likes o' me that's thankin' the likes o' you, for the rare pleasure you have gave me," says she, wid politeness, her speakin' to the young man wid whom she'd came home, him bein' the son of the lady she accommodates wid washin'.

"Don't mintion it," says he, bowin' that grand. "The pleasure was mine," says he, speakin' wid flatt'ry.

"It was not," says Mary Cassidy. "Sure, 'twas mine. 'Tis you that's the fine young gintleman to be givin' the likes o' Mary Cassidy a ride in your grand machine. 'Tis you that's the son of your mother, an' her a worthy woman, you bein' that same, savin' 'tis you that's a man."

Wid that, 'twas him that looked smilin', him tippin' his hat to Mary Cassidy, an' givin' wan look towards meself, me bein' standin' forninst me front door, let alone 'tis meself that's not a poor looker, though 'tis me that's has children to the number of more than wan, let alone siven. 'Twas him that kep' on smilin' an' 'twas him that passed wan look around to the bunch of us Donovans an' Cassidys, an' 'twas him that took an' sent his machine rippin' outen our street wid wan grand snort an' an iligant roar. Sure, 'twas a loud noise like ready money.

'Twas then Mary Cassidy sat down on the steps to me front door, her poundin' her knees wid the two hands av her, an' laughin' to beat the band, her bein' near doubled up wid that same laughin'. Sure, 'twas her had me laughin' too, at the sight.

"Twas then Cassidy come up, stompin' heavy, wid his two fists doubled for fightin'.

"'Tis me that'll be poundin' the face offen that grand young man," says he, speakin' wid firmness. "'Tis me that'll be sendin' him home to his ma, needin' her care. Whatever have yez been doin' now, Mary Cassidy?" says he. "Aw," says she, near chokin' wid laughin'. "'Tis me that's been joy-ridin' wid the son av the lady I accommodates wid washin', him bein' the true son av his mother, an' she a worthy woman, him bein' that same. Aw, Cassidy," says she, "'tis grand sport joy-ridin', whin 'tis not you that'll be payin' if the machine goes broke.'"

"'Tis foolish you do be actin', Mary Cassidy," says he, whilst speakin' wid a grin on his face an' tippin' the wink at Donovan. Him bein' that proud of Mary Cassidy, 'twas not him that could be stayin' mad long.

"Aw, says she, flappin' her hands in the air wid a get-away motion, "'tis better to be born rich than foolish, though there's miny a wan gets foolish through bein' too rich. 'Tis the joy-ridin' that's bein' done be thim that's foolish wid money, an' be thim that wants to show off like the rich, an' niver a wan av thim bein' that same. For why do I care? I do not. 'Tis not us Cassidys that's the goat. No more is it the Donovans. Am I a liar?" says she.

"You are not, Mary Cassidy," says I. "You're a lady. 'Tis not us that's the goats." Wid that Cassidy gave wan grin to Donovan, him tippin' the back wink to Cassidy on the sly.

"Aw," says Mary Cassidy, not lettin' on that she saw winks passin' by, "Mrs. Cassidy says he, him bein' the son of a lady, an' him comin' up to the door, which same I was lavin behind, "Mrs. Cassidy, says he, speakin' wid manners, "will yez be takin' a ride wid the likes av me this day?"

"I will," says I, "wid pleasure," me speakin' wid politeness. "Me niver yet havin' went joy-ridin,' 'tis me that's favorin' that same."

'Twas him that took an' helpt me into the autymobile, him bein' a rale gintleman, widout proudness.

"Shall I let her go, Mrs. Cassidy?" says he.

"You do that," says I, "me feelin' that reckless. If 'tis the last wurd I do be speakin', save what pieces av me that yez can, for the sake of old Ireland an' Cassidy."

Wid that, 'twas him that let out a laugh, him 'doin' that same be the machine, an' 'twas us that took an' started wid a fierce bump that knocked the breath outen me an t'rowed me up in the air, from which 'twas me that came down solid an' hard, widout no damage bein' done.

"Hold on, Mrs. Cassidy," says he.

"I will," says I, doin' that same to beat the band.

"'Tis you that's joy-ridin'," says he.

"Is it?" says I.

"'Tis a wonder you wouldn't go faster," says I.

Wid that, I took an' tooted the horn, it bein' wan av thim kind that plays a chune, which same niver comes to no good end, though 'tis me that's thinkin' 'tis thim chune-wans that's much better, than thim that go screechin' bloody murder, wid no rest for your soul. For why do they have thim bloody murder screechers? I dunno. Sure 'twas high wind we was raisin', wid that machine goin' like the divil an' all was after its shape. 'Twas us that was out in the country before we was apast the town. 'Twas us that was tearin' chunks out o' the scenery, an' eatin' the dust of that same. Sure, 'twas iligant sport?

'An' you a married woman, Mary Cassidy, dear, dear!" says I, speakin' wid coldness.

"So 'tis said," says she, speakin' wid composure.

Wid that, Cassidy, took an' walked away, trompin' heavy.

Mary Cassidy give him wan look outen the tail av her eye, an' I seen she was feelin' skittish, which same I had saw before.

'Twas him that was sayin' wid true manners, him having' slowed down his machine for that same, "is it fast enough goin' your havin', Mary Cassidy?" says he.

"'Tis a wonder you woudn't go faster, bein' you're joy-ridin'," says I. "Sure, 'tis makin' me feet sore wid ridin' so slow."

Wid that, 'twas me that took an' tooted the horn, an' 'twas him that let out the machine something fierce.

'Twas thin she gave wan look at Cassidy. 'Twas him that was smashin' the air wid his fists.

"Cassidy," says she, speakin' wid swate innocence, "'tis me that's just came back from air-flyin'. Do the children be safe at home, let alone Dennis our youngest, an' Katie our eldest, her bein' just apast 16? Do they be safe an' well-behavin'?"

'Twas thin that Cassidy took an' come trompin' back, slouchin' like a coal-heaver out of a job.

"Mary Cassidy," says he, "come home."

An' that's what she done, her sayin' wid proud manners, "good evenin' to yees, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Donovan. 'Tis me that's hopin' us Cassidys will be seein' the likes o' you soon."

'Twas thin that Donovan came an' took an' leaned forninst the front door smokin' his pipe, somethin' fierce, an' niver lettin' wan wurd outen him. 'Tis me that's knowin' me Donovan is sayin' the most, whin 'tis him that's sayin' nothing at all.

MORNING THOUGHTS

When I find a thought for the top o' the morning, tucked in with the many helpful words that are sent to The Blade from all over the country by our letter-writers, it is going to be used where it will do the most good, and that place is, under the head, "Morning Thoughts." Watch for yourselves.—Elizabeth.

SUNDAY

When our lot seems hard, how much better we feel if we just go to ourselves and pray—Sweetheart from Virginia.

MONDAY

I believe in scattering flowers in the pathway of the living.—Sis of Pennsylvania.

TUESDAY

I have a good husband and three lovely children and I am perfectly happy. My children are two boys and a girl and they keep me hustling.—Mrs. J. Walker, New York.

WEDNESDAY

We should encourage one another to look on the bright side, for life, I think, is what we make it.—Grace Terry, Ohio.

THURSDAY

I try always to be cheerful and not get discouraged. The many good letters of The Blade are of much help to me. Let us all be friends, even if we do not know each other.—Little Mother, West Virginia.

FRIDAY

I look on the bright side of life all I can and make the best of what comes.—Cora Ann, Wisconsin.

SATURDAY

The architecture of this beautiful world is pretty nearly right, and everything else is made to blend harmoniously with it, if we can just see the bright side all the time. Some one has very aptly said, do not hunt after trouble, but look for success. You will find what you look for. Look for success.—J., Jennsylvania.

To the old-fashioned woman: God bless her. I love her. It is she who may help bring universal peace to this land.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A HOOSIER GIRL

Dear M. G. R.'s—I wrote a letter to the Blade some time ago, but as I did not see it in print I will write again. I am a girl 16 years of age. I have brown hair and eyes, and am five feet and about four inches tall.

I live on a little farm near Notre Dame, two miles from South Bend, Ind. Notre Dame is a school for boys. There is about 1,000 there this year. They have many fine buildings over there and a fine church. The church is the second finest in the United States.

How many of the M. G. R.'s ever had a pet crow? We had one last year, but he came up missing one day and we have not seen him since. He certainly was smart and would do the cutest things.

We have taken The Blade for about three years. It is a fine paper. I like to read the letters and stories in it. I will close with best wishes for all.—Alice Marie Johnson, South Bend, Indiana.

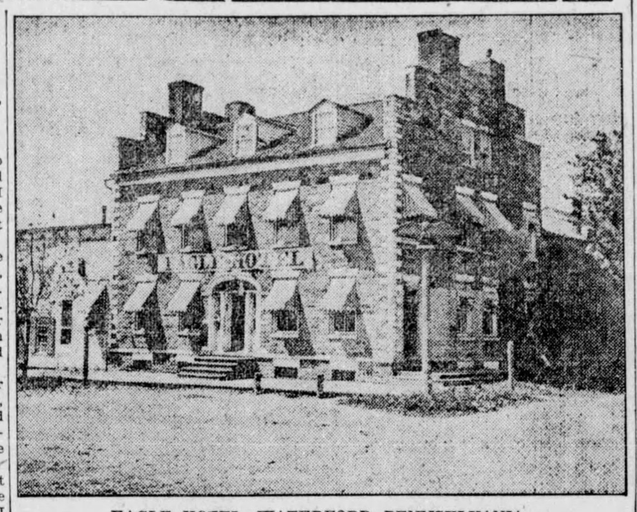
PRINCE AND DAVE

Dear M. G. R.'s—Having missed The Blade one week I certainly felt I'd had a visit from a friend when it came today. It was fresh and bright like spring and it seemed as though the sweetest perfume was with it also.

We can keep the dark thoughts from appearing in our everyday life as well as on the Peace Page. But isn't it so much easier when we have a friend like Elizabeth to help us?

The children, two active girls, and I have been to the barn to see the two baby colts that have been left at home while their large sorrel mothers are working in the fields. The little red fellows were lying down to sleep together. When we came, they sprang up at the same time and pranced around like a very important team.

It reminded me of two grays that



EAGLE HOTEL, WATERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.
Built in 1826. Picture made from a post card sent by Pat of Pennsylvania.

were babies when I was a child, so I told of children about them. They were Prince and Dave and grew up together like brothers. They were always full of life, and even after they became aged we still called them "the colts." Whatever the scrapes they were in, their master controlled them. They were broad, strong fellows, growing to be nearly white. There came a time when they had to be sold, so they were taken to a horse buyer who was loading a car of horses. Dave went into the car expecting Prince to follow, but grandpa was about to change his mind about parting with them both. Prince seemed to understand and, leaping into the car, he took his place by his lifelong companion and stayed there.

The warm, shiny days are coming, when we will paddle in the sand and shallow water, as well as in the boat in midstream. Come and enjoy it with us.—Annie Laurie, Missouri.

A STRANGE MOUNTAIN

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you slow down for just a minute to let a girl from California join your happy band? I am 16 years old and have rather light hair and blue eyes. I wear nose glasses, which make me look very charming indeed! I am in my second year of high school and hope soon to be a junior.

I have lived in the city nearly all my life, but now live in Lake county, which is sometimes known as the Switzerland of America. There is a beautiful lake called Clear lake about two miles from my home. It is about 29 miles long and 7 miles across. There are mountains and hills to be seen wherever the eye can look, and one mountain especially stands out quite prominently. It is at the southern end of the lake and rises abruptly to about 2,500 feet. There is a place near the top where no trees have ever grown and the shape of this clearing is that of a horse upside down. There is no water on this mountain and they cannot dig wells deep enough to find it. There is a story told that some men dug a well up there once upon a time. When they reached a certain point the bottom fell out and when stones were dropped down they could not hear them reach bottom. One of my schoolmates wrote a pretty little romance about how the horse happened to be on the mountain, which I wish you all could have read. Mt. Knocti is the name of the mountain. It is an Indian name and means Horse. We call it Uncle Sam for short.

When I get to thinking or talking about the early history of this county it is all I can do to tear myself away from the subject, but I am sure that all of you who are interested in Indians would be as greatly interested as I.

I wish I could tell you all about the arrowheads and other Indian implements that can be found for almost the trouble of looking for them, but as my letter is getting quite lengthy already, I guess I had better bid you all adieu till another time.—Wild Rose of California, Lakeport, Lake county, Cal.

SHE IS A BOOSTER

Dear M. G. R.'s—Well, here I come for another try. The M. G. R.'s were too crowded for me to get on the other time I came, so I visited Mr. Wastebasket. I live in a practical little town in the northern part of Ohio. I have no glorious scenery to tell you about, like those that live out west, but my one dream has been to go out west. If ever I do, I will tell you about it. I am nearly 17 years old, have dark hair and gray eyes. I am quite tall, but do not weigh much. I live at home and work in the postoffice. We have the finest booming little town in the state.

It was my good luck to meet a Blade Booster (not that they are scarce), but this happened to be a lady that used to write for The Blade. She was a Mrs. Talley. With best wishes to Elizabeth and M. G. R.'s. I will step off before I cause some one else to go to the waste basket.—Buckeye Blade Booster.

POETS' CORNER

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Charles Wesley.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayers?
Lo! I sing, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

ANNABEL LEE

This poem, published shortly after Poe's death, was his last. It is commonly supposed that it had its inspiration in the death of his wife.

By Edgar Allan Poe.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea,)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul,
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
In the sepulcher by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

WAIT TILL THE MOONLIGHT

Author Unknown.

Cease your repining, bright eyes are shining,
Fond hearts are melting in fervent love;
Red cheeks are paling, sweet hearts bewailing,
Tarry not one moment from the girl you love.
She's sure to cheer you when she comes near you,
She's ever waiting for the fond sweet kiss;
If you're inclined for a mid-night ramble,
Tell me what you think of a scene like this:

CHORUS.

Wait till the moonlight falls on the water,
Then take your sweetheart out for a walk;
Mind what you say, boys, that's how to court her—
Tell her you'll wed when the days grow short

See when the moonlight falls on the streamlet,
Silvering each riplet with its brilliant rays;
Out in the midnight, making the heart bright,
Waking up the little birds before the break of day.
Tickling and teazing, kissing and squeezing,
Telling lots of little fibs, and swearing they are true;
Some say it's naughty, other very pleasing,
Just wait one moment, and she'll tell you what to do.

Homeward retreating, sad hearts a-beating,
'Cause she must bid you the last "good night,"
She fondly wishes those stolen kisses,
Would last till the morning's broad daylight.
Now comes the trial, her home is in sight,
The chord must be snapped that us fondly unite,
Her face she upturned for a last fond kiss,
And she whispered some words which filled me with bliss.

THE TREE-TOAD

By James Whitcomb Riley.

"'Scurious-like," said the tree-toad,
"I've twittered fer rain all day;
And I got up soon,
And I hollered till noon—
But the sun hit blazed away,
Till I jest clumb down in a crawfish hole,
Weary at heart and sick at soul!

"Dozed away fer an hour,
And I tackled the thing again;
And I sung and sung,
Till I knowed my lung
Was jest about give in;
And then, thinks I, ef hit don't rain now
There 're nothin' in singin', anyhow!

"Once in a while some
Would come drivin' past;
And he'd hear my cry
And stop and sigh—
Till I jest laid back at last,
And I hollered rain till I thought my th'oat
Would bust right open at ever' note!

"But I fetched her! O, I fetched her!
'Cause a little while ago,
As I kindo set,
With one eye shet,
And a-singin' soft and low,
A voice drapped down on my fevered brain.
Sayin'—'Ef you'll jest hush, I'll rain!'"

THE SPOTTED FAWN

(Old Song.) Author Unknown.

By Marketowa's flowery marge,
An Indian wigwam stood,
Long ere the white man's rifle rang,
Loud through the echoing woods.
The tomahawk and scalping knife,
Together lay at rest,
For peace was in the forest shade,
And in the red man's breast.

By Marketowa's flowery marge,
The Spotted Fawn had birth,
And grew as fair an Indian girl,
As ever blest the earth.
She was the red chief's only child,
And sought by many a brave,
But to the gallant young White Cloud,
Her plighted troth she gave.

By Marketowa's flowery marge,
A bridal song arose,
None dreaming on that festal night,
Of close encircling foes.
But through the forest stealthily,
The white man came in wrath,
And fiery death before him hurled
And blood was in his path.

By Marketowa's flowery marge,
Next morn the strife was seen,
And a wail went up with the young
girl's blood,
While the White Cloud's dyed the
green.
The burial, in their own rude way,
The Indians gave them there,
While a low, but sweet toned requiem,
The birds sang on the air.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Spotted Fawn, Oh, the Spotted Fawn,
The light and life of the forest shade,
The red chief's child has gone.

DOWN ON THE FARM

Author Unknown.

When the toil of day is over,
And the crowds are going home,
Far away beyond the city,
All my thoughts begin to roam;
Back to where the flowers are blooming,
And where all is peace and rest,
Back upon the dear old homestead,
With the ones I love the best.

CHORUS.

Just a field of new mown hay,
Just a cottage by the way,
Just a mother dear to shield me from all harm;
Just a sweet heart waiting too,
With a love that's fond and true;
Just a dear old-fashioned country home down on the farm.

I can hear the church bells ringing,
And the birds sing sweet and clear,
By the river I am wand'ring,
Hand in hand with Julia dear;
O'er the hills and through the valleys,
That have never lost their charm,
Back amid the scenes of childhood,
Home, sweet home, down on the farm.

TAKE NOTICE!

These two poems are requested: Remember me when on thy way, hope sheds her best and brightest ray. The other is: Oh, come to my home where my servants shall all, depart at thy bidding and come at thy call.

The poem entitled, I Believe the Good Old Bible, from Beginning to End, is asked for. The first line: Since I have been converted.

A poem, which has a name something like this: President Lincoln's Reprieve of the Soldier Boy, is Wanted.

The song, Fairy Bell, is wanted.

Please do not send any poetry to us other than in answer to requested verse. There is such a rush to this corner we have all we can do to keep up with the procession of asked-for poetry.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

FORTY YEARS

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—We have taken The Blade over 40 years, and this is the first time the spirit has moved me to speak in the meeting, but seeing a request for a recipe for dandelion wine and thinking a description of this part of the country might prove interesting, here I am.

How many Blade readers have visited Oshkosh, Wisconsin? It is a city of 35,000 on Lake Winnebago, which is 30 miles long by 15 wide. Oshkosh is surrounded by a fine farming country. It was named after Chief Oshkosh, and he is to have a statue erected to his memory in North park. The statue was made by a famous Italian artist, who is here to superintend its erection.

The statue of Chief Oshkosh is of the type of Menominee Indians and is ten and one-half feet high. The pedestal is of rose granite from the Baveno quarries on Lake Maggiore, Italy, and is 12 feet high.

Well, methinks I hear someone say: "Will she never stop talking?" So if this escapes and the spirit moves, I may come again. With best wishes to all, your friend.—Nellie A. C., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

After a while there will be postcard pictures of this monument. It would be fine if we might have one to print on the Peace Page. Do you see the point?—Elizabeth.

A MOTHER OF NINE

Dear Readers of The Blade—Ever so many times I have thought of writing and expressing my appreciation of everything contained in The Blade, but always faltered, feeling my inability to do so. On reading of the destruction by fire and water which the paper sustained, I want to tender my sympathy and regrets, as it almost seemed as if it were a personal loss of my own. However, I am truly glad it was not a total destruction.

Having been a reader for so many years every department of The Blade is dear to me; really, it is hard to tell what interests me most in it. Unlike some of the sisters, I suppose, I take a lively interest in the political news, especially pertaining to progressive Republicanism, believing in the near future it is the party that is going to "make good."

I am the mother of nine children; the eldest is 27, the youngest two years old.

Do any of you readers know anything about the Everglade lands in Florida? I mean that which is being drained and sold by the Florida Fruit Lands Co. Naturally I am interested as two of my sons have bought shares and have it partly paid for. Not a few people think it is a "fake," while others think it is a good investment. What has become of the voting sister who wrote some time ago? I hope she will write again and tell us if the women vote like their husbands, or do they think for themselves?

Lest some one should say, "she wants to vote," let me say I hope it will be a long time before the old North State extends the right of suffrage to the women. In view of the fact that some day it will be thrust upon us, I think we should read and inform ourselves of everything that pertains to the good of our families and country.—From a lover of The Blade, North Carolina.

Thank you for good will towards The Blade. We were pretty badly mussed up by the fire and the water that put it out, and we are not yet in order. It seems to be slow work getting there. We had to dry out before we could go ahead with some things.—Elizabeth.

SHE KEEPS BRIGHT

Dear Household Friends—I will walk in carefully, as this is the first time I have ever written, though I have been a reader of The Blade for a great many years, ever since I can remember. I take much pleasure in reading the letters of the Household Page. I am one who tries to keep bright. I always turn my troubles over and get the bright side of them, and then go merrily on with my work. I have a dear husband and one little baby girl to work for, and to love. My husband gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and I do not see any more of him until 8 o'clock at night. I have the whole day alone with my work and my dear baby to care for.

Old Webster, West Virginia, write again. Your letter was fine. I agree with you about bringing up children. I think if they are brought up right at home, that school teachers would not have so much trouble with them as they now do.

Well, I guess I will walk out as carefully as I came in, leaving my real name as I go.—Mrs. Williams, Michigan.

STORY OF A BIRD

I come to you again with a true story, "hoping" that all who read it may have a greater love for the little birds than ever before. Four years ago one warm morning in spring, a little wren came chattering to our front porch. She appeared to be looking for a good place to build her nest. I took an empty cigar box, cut a hole in the lid, and fastened it up in the porch, out of reach of the cats. In a few hours, Mrs. Wren was busy carrying little sticks and strings for a nest in her new house. In a few weeks she was just as busy carrying little bugs and worms to feed her young birds. How faithfully she cared for them and guarded them from harm!

Mrs. Wren has returned every spring and reared her little brood in this box. She became very tame and seemed to know that we loved her and her little ones. One bright morning a few weeks ago, we had just finished our breakfast and were listening to the sweet music of the birds out doors when all at once we heard the cheerful and welcome voice of Mrs. Wren in the old cherry tree.

In a minute she was on the porch, and as a kind of "good morning" to us, flew into the house and lit on the back of a chair. But alas! little birds, like little children, meet with accidents. In an adjoining room, hung a mirror, almost as large as a window Mistaking this for an open door, and herself for another bird, she dashed into this glass like a shot, and fell dead on the floor. We almost cried. —Erastus Murphy, Berrien Center, Michigan.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "So fur forth as my observation goes, the happiest folks is them that takes one day at a time, without gettin' into a frazzle about the turrible things which may come hurling on tomorrow. Most storms blow over in a day."

The best kind of missionaries are those who do all they can to make happy the folks "at cluster 'round about." To give a smile and a kind word will not hurt you much and they do not cost a cent.

It frequently happens that ridicule is more effective than a row, in removing undesirable things or conditions.

The way of peace is sometimes a slow way, but it is a winner in the final reckoning.

No matter how much your friends may love you; no matter how sympathetic they may be, if you tell a continual tale of woe, after a while, they will want to run the other way when they see you coming.

Have patience and still more patience with the follies and frailties of others. Who is there that has not, at some time, in some form, worn the cap and bells?

Good housekeeping, good homes, are more effective than all the reformatories that can be built to correct the evil effects of bad housekeeping and bad homes.

Sure, 'tis me that's thinkin' 'tis better to be born rich than foolish," says Mary Cassidy, "though 'tis me that's thinkin' there's many a wan turned foolish t'rough havin' too much money. Am I a liar?"

THE REAL RICHES

By PREACHIN' POLLY

WE all have a mission. If I have any in particular, it is to strengthen people's faith in God and to urge them to live according to His laws. Health is true wealth. If body and mind are in a healthy condition, we are happy. If we are not in a normal condition of body and mind, all the riches of this world cannot make us see the bright side of life. If we serve God with body and mind, we are given the capacity to enjoy the things which God has given us.

What is the good of a bank full of gold and a home full of the beautiful things which money can buy, if one is weak or diseased in body?

What is the use of a vast library, overflowing with intellectual treasures, if one's mental condition is that of an idiot or a lunatic?

It is better to have a little of this world's goods, together with the God-given capacity to enjoy it, than to have great riches without the perfectly normal condition of body and mind, which comes of usefulness.

The man or woman who is content to be lowly; to make both body and mind a thing of service to his or her fellowmen—that man or woman has the real riches; the ability to enjoy anything and everything.

Health is true wealth. To live according to the natural laws which rule the universe is the only tried and true receipt for happiness. The so-called riches of gold and silver are just a great big sham.

It is good to see the bright side of life, and to those who imagine there is no bright side, I will say this: When the summer sky is one beautiful mass of blue and white, with the sun shining out bright and strong; when everyone is glad to be alive, the storm clouds gather and hide all that beauty. Can we truthfully say it is not there? It is there. It is just hidden away from our sight for awhile. The storm clouds pass away, and everything seems more bright and beautiful than before.

When the clouds of sin and selfishness gather around us and obscure from our view the good that is above all, and in all, and through all, is it gone? No, it is there. The evil clouds will pass away and God's love will shine on us as before. When the days are cloudy, we can, at least, keep our faces bright with hope for the joyful days that are sure to come.

To work for others, to think for others, is the law of God. To obey it, means health and happiness. The greatest joy in life is to see God's image in all nature; in the beauty of the heavens; in the glory of the sunset; in the goodness and kindliness of men and women; in the brightness of the flowers. To those who know Him, it is a joy to be alive.—Preachin' Polly from Ohio.

NATURE LORE

By NATURE LOVERS

I AM a lover of nature's friends, more especially the birds. I fed more than a thousand birds in the past winter. They became so gentle that they would come to shelves fixed from the dining room windows to get their breakfast. One morning a new friend greeted me from the southland—a brown thrush. His song was certainly cheering, and I had to exclaim with the poet Morris:

"Oh, thrush! your song is passing sweet,
But never a song that you have sung
Is half as sweet as thrushes sang,
When my dear love and I were young."

In my next article I will tell how I construct nests for my feathered friends.

"A right understanding of nature, gotten from her loving study, proves to us that she produces no vile pest of any sort.—Rhododendron, West Va."

We shall be very glad to have your nest-construction story.

The call to nature lovers has called me out of my simple life to tell you how I enjoy nature and all that is connected with it.

When I found my health failing and almost gone, I turned in despair and fled to the woods, where I could mourn unseen and unheard. Soon I began to take an interest in the birds that sang so sweetly, and with the aid of a field glass I found my birds. How persistently I would follow every sound and note of a bird.

I spent most of my days in the summer of 1900 in those woods, and my health and strength returned, and by the following April I was glad to be alive. I watched with keen interest the coming of our spring birds, and that summer I was able to take up my work again.

I felt that I owed the birds many thanks for their contribution to my health. Not for one hour in the day do I forget my little feathered neighbors, as I still take long walks and come home with a long list of birds for my bird diary.

Botany has no charms for me, as mineralogy has taken its place.

I wish that all those that have poor health and no interest in life, would take to the woods, as I did. It's far cheaper than medicine and much pleasanter,—Ohihio.

There is no surer healing for mind and body than that of the woods and fields. I know, because I have tried and proved it.—Elizabeth.

I was glad to see the Nature Lore Department started and I say: "Good for Pine Tree." I am a farmer girl, 17 years old and a great lover of flowers.

Early in the spring I begin to look for the first flowers, and as I live near the woods, I visit them nearly every day. I always know where to look for the first of each kind and I am delighted to find a new kind. I have lived in a town nearly all of my life and so never grow tired of the flowers, as some do who have always lived near the woods.—Madeline of Ohio.

You nature lovers, come on with your letters. The more this love is spread abroad, the better the world will be.

GOOD CREAM PIE

Here is a good recipe for cream pie: Two eggs; two tablespoons sugar; one tablespoon flour; one pint milk; one teaspoon vanilla. Keep the white of one egg for frosting. Put milk on stove. Let it boil up. Beat eggs, flour and sugar together and stir in milk. Let cook and fill your crust, which must be baked before you make the filling. Put on the frosting, and place in the oven to brown. One egg may be used instead of two if they are scarce. This is only filling enough for one crust.

I will come again some time if I see this in print. With love to Elizabeth and all, I am, your sister.—Step-Mother, West Virginia.

One of our friends who is homesteading in South Dakota, would like a recipe for making soda crackers. She hails from West Virginia, where she was born and raised. Who knows about the crackers?

J. C. Perry—Thank you for your courtesy and subscribers. Yes, I say "Be a Blade Booster," because I want the good sense, loveliness of thought, and cheerfulness of spirit of you people to spread farther and farther throughout this broad land. This is a PEACE PAGE, you know! Peace comes from happy homes. The messages you are sending out through your letters help to make happy homes. This is why I say, "Be a Blade Booster." You are helping to make Peace.

Mary Cassidy insisted upon having The Blade Book's corner this week, so I was forced to let her have her way. She is rather an unruly member when her will is crossed. The Blade Book will be back in its accustomed place next week. I hope you are all reading its chapters. They will do you good

Oh, you friend in Missouri, the little box of pinks came all right.

The Phoenix, Arizona, postcards turned in at the right place, too.

Much obliged for everything. Don't forget to write PEACE PAGE on all letters intended for this sheet of the Weekly Blade.

Our Correspondents

ALL you people of the Weekly Blade, remember this; paste it in your hat, until otherwise officially appointed by the powers that be, FATHER'S DAY, is May 25. We were too late in getting around with it for you to celebrate this year, but other years are coming. Remember this, too: Father likes most any color, only so 'tis red.

You who have been so kind as to send postcards to Elizabeth, to you I want to say that on the day of grace, Friday, May 26, 1911, I had a hunch to take part of my accumulation of postcards to the Toledo Juvenile home, where unfortunate boys and girls, who have offended the law, are detained until their cases are disposed of by the court and the best that can be done to start them on the right path is arranged for.

It was a good "hunch." I wish you could have seen how pleased they were to have the cards, and how interested they were in those which showed views of different parts of this country.

I thank you who have helped me to give this little bit of happiness to these unfortunate children. EVERY LITTLE BIT OF HAPPINESS HELPS TO MAKE CHILDREN GOOD.—Elizabeth of the Peace Page.

P. S. I had to take my postcards from the wall because there is to be clean paper.

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa. — "I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENDLICH, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Happy, Happy, Use TIZ

A Marvel For Sore Feet. Acts Right Off.

Sore Feet? Never After Using TIZ—

Good-bye sore feet, aching feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses and bunions and raw spots.

You've never tried anything like TIZ before for your feet. It is different from anything ever before sold.

It acts at once and makes the feet feel remarkably fresh and sore-proof. TIZ is not a powder. Powders and other foot remedies clog up the pores. TIZ draws out all poisonous exudations which bring on soreness of the feet, and is the only remedy that does. TIZ cleans out every pore and glorifies the feet—your feet.

You'll never limp again or draw up your face in pain, and you'll forget about your corns, bunions and callouses. You'll feel like a new person.

If you don't find all this true after trying a box of TIZ, you can get your money right back.

TIZ is for sale at all druggists at 25 cents per box, or it will be sent you direct if you wish from Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES

WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 806, DETROIT, MICH.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, send FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 69, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

TAPE-WORM GUARANTEED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CO. 180 So. STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

COST OF LIVING DOWN

Prices of Commodities Now Lowest They Have Been for Twenty Months.

New York, May 25.—The cost of living in the United States is now lower than it has been for 20 months. Prices of commodities show a big reduction from last year, according to figures compiled by Bradstreet's.

The average level of commodity prices experienced a decline of approximately 2 per cent in March as indicated by the index number of Bradstreet's. The index number is 8.5223, which means that average prices are now lower than they have been since August, 1909.

The current index exhibits a decline of 7.3 per cent from a year ago, and a decline of 7.6 per cent January 1, 1910, when prices were at record high point.

Wheat, which in 1910 sold at $1.19, now commands only 96 cents. Flour a year ago brought $5.80 a barrel, and now may be had for $5.10. Pork sold a year ago at $25.75; it now sells at 19.25. Beef is $15.50, against $18.75 in the same month last year. Other foodstuffs show a corresponding decrease. These are wholesale prices.

Prices of Staple Products.

Following are the prices for staple commercial products. Comparison is made with quotations for the same products one month and one year ago:

	Apr. 15, 1911.	Mar. 15, 1911.	Apr. 15, 1910.
Wheat, No. 2 red	.96	.94¾	1.19
Corn, No. 2 mixed	.50½	.55½	.66½
Oats, No. 2 white	.39¾	.37	.50
Flour, Minn. patent	5.10	5.00	5.80
Beef, choice	8.50	9.45	14.75
Pork, mess	19.25	22.75	25.75
Lard, family	15.50	16.25	18.75
Coffee, No. 7 Rio	.12	.12¼	.08½
Sugar, granulated	4.75	4.70	5.10

*Lowest net price less 2 per cent cash.

Groups That Make Up Index.

The groups that make up the index number are set forth in the following:

	Apr. 1, 1911.	Mar. 1, 1911.	Apr. 1, 1910.	Jan. 1, 1910.
Breadstuffs	$0.6919	$0.6899	$0.1055	$0.1050
Live stock	.3860	.3783	.4715	.4059
Provisions	1.6597	2.3520	2.4329	2.3577
Fruits	.2160	.2148	.1561	.1695
Hides and leather	1.0025	1.0675	1.2350	1.2850
Textiles	2.5151	2.5768	2.6160	2.7333
Metals	.6766	.6795	.6077	.6208
Coal and coke	.0060	.0060	.0063	.0069
Naval stores	.4215	.4317	.4037	.3728
Building materials	.1602	.1452	.1002	.0038
Chemicles and drugs	.0180	.0180	.0958	.0658
Miscellaneous	.3252	.3242	.3815	.4067
Totals	$8.5223	$8.6917	$9.1906	$9.2310

Comparisons with Other Years.

Following is a comparison of the present index number with last month and with April in other years:

April 1, 1911	$8.5223	April 1, 1910	$9.1906
March 1, 1911	8.6929	April 1, 1909	8.3157
Jan. 1, 1911	8.7662	April 1, 1908	8.0650
Dec. 1, 1910	8.8361	April 1, 1907	8.9640
Nov. 1, 1910	8.7844	April 1, 1906	8.2657
Oct. 1, 1910	8.8766	April 1, 1905	7.9066
Sept. 1, 1910	8.9267	April 1, 1904	7.9690
Aug. 1, 1910	8.9519	April 1, 1903	8.1247
July 1, 1910	8.8222	April 1, 1902	7.7838

Highest and Lowest Prices.

Highest and lowest prices for the more active of the above commodities in 1911 were:

	Highest, 1911.		Lowest, 1911.	
Wheat	1.01⅛	Jan. 9	.91	April 3
Corn	.58½	April 13	.54	March 24
Oats	.40	Jan. 9	.35	March 1
Flour	5.65	Jan. 18	4.95	April 6
Pork	21.20	Jan. 9	8.35	April 7
Lard	22.75	Jan. 31	19.25	April 13
Beef	19.00	Jan. 8	15.50	April 1
Sugar	4.80	Jan. 11	11¾	April 8
Coffee	.13¾	Jan. 18	4.55	Feb. 1

Variations in 1910 were as follows: Wheat, high 133½ in February, low 94 in November. Corn, high, 76¼ in July; low, 55 in December. Oats, high, 55¼ in January; low, 36½ in October. Flour, high, 6.30 in July; low, 4.95 in June. Pork, high, $27.50 in March; low, $19.00 in November. Beef, high, $19.50 in May; low, $15.75 in January. Lard, high, $14.90 in March; low, 10.40 in December. Coffee, high, 13¼ in December; low, .08¼ in June. Sugar high, 5.25 in March; low, 4.45 in October.

GREECE GROWING MARITIME POWER

Her Vessels Are Important Factor in the Orient's Waters.

Athens, May 26.—In Greece one is perhaps too often discouraged by the amount of energy wasted on the details of political life. The actual time lost in political discussions is unreasonable, at least a third of the day being given over to this unfruitful occupation. But one can easily find reason for changing his opinion of the Greeks by a study of statistics dealing with commerce and industry; figures relating to shipping which prove the final good sense of the Greeks.

The merchant fleet of Greece was increased in 1910 by 59 vessels propelled by steam, with a total tonnage of 71,000. All were built in that year in England. Today the Greek merchant fleet can boast of 324 steam vessels of 550,000 tons. This represents a total investment of about 130,000,000 drachmas, for the most part controlled by merchants on the Islands of Cephalonia, Andros, Ithaka and Sira.

There are three direct lines of steamships to America, which make the voyage in aobut 14 days from Piraeus to New York. The vessels are all manned by Greeks, who are excellent sailors, and are sought after, even by the American navy, because of their ability and steadiness.

A Suicidal Plan.

Here in the Orient they are masters, and the Turks, realizing the fact, are doing their utmost to destroy the service by boycotting all vessels manned by Greek sailors which enter any port of the Ottoman empire. It is safe to presume that the revival of this foolish proceeding is not advised by the Young Turk committee of union and progress, for the game is a suicidal one.

The boycotting idea is assuming proportions in the minds of the fanatical Turks which it will take years to overcome. Austrian, Roumanian and Russian vessels also come under the ban if they have a Greek sailor aboard.

There are about 150,000 Greeks at Smyrna out of a population of 300,000, but they are helpless. Men like Kerim Agha, who is head porter of the docks of Salonica, have so splendidly organized the boycott system in the Ottoman empire that the committee of union and progress is powerless. The idea the Turks have is that if they persist in their efforts eventually all Greeks will be deprived of their occupations, and will leave the empire. Although one cannot believe that the system of boycotting will prove effectual there is much suffering among the poorer Greeks in Turkey, as well as a great amount of inconvenience to all shipping in the Orient.

The Statistics.

Greek shipping statistics for the last 35 years show that in 1875 Greece possessed only 27 steam vessels, of 8,240 tons. In 1883 the total was only 50. In 1898 it reached 155; in 1905, 288, and in 1908 the fleet comprised 290 steam vessels, of 495,437 tons.

In view of its population, Greece compares favorably with her neighbors, Italy and Austria. Added to her steam vessels, Greece has today about 6,000 sailing vessels of all sizes. The importance of the Greek sailor and Greek shipping in the Orient and the Black Sea is shown by the fact that in the ports of Russia and Roumania the vessels flying the English flag, although coming first, are followed very closely by the Greeks.

In Oriental waters two- thirds of all steam vessels and four-fifths of all sailing vessels flying the Ottoman flag belong to Greek subjects living in European and Asiatic Turkey. These statistics enable one to understand why England finds it so difficult to take any steps to support the claims of Greece in the Orient and why, for purely personal reasons she prefers to side with Turkey in all political and economical questions.

Undermine the English.

Greek shipping has gradually undermined the English in these waters, and it is fair to presume that the great advance made by the Greeks during the last decade in the Mediterranean and the Black Seas has determined England in her present policy as the only means of protecting her shipping interests and prestige in the Near East. And we can go further and understand why England cannot very well use her influence to persuade Turkey to accord fair treatment to the Greeks and Greek shipping when her interests are so materially served by the Turkish boycott of everything Greek.

Here is where are found the real and practical reasons for England's apathy in relation to her obligations to Crete and her total lack of sympathy for Greece.

England, by upholding Turkey at the expense of Greece, like Turkey, has followed a suicidal policy, which in the end must mean the loss of her prestige and finally her power in this part of the world. England's policy before the Germanic influence took root in the Orient was sane and beneficial. This policy was based on friendships, and embraced support of Greece, the building up of the Greek navy and the cementing of an alliance for the patrol and control of these Mediterranean waters.

HE WOULD ABOLISH "MISTER"

Congressman Calls It Time Wasted in Roll Call.

Washington, May 27.—Calling a representatife in congress "Mister" while taking a roll call vote in the house is a waste of time and a tax on the wind power of the house clerks, according to Representative John A. Martin, of Colorado. To the end that the practice may be abolished Mr. Martin has introduced a resolution ordering the clerks to shout only the last names of members.

KAISER LEANS TO A TREATY

Wants Copy of U. S. Proposition to England and France.

Washington, May 29.—Germany today expressed her willingness to enter into negotiations with the United States for a general arbitration treaty along the lines laid down by Secretary of State Knox in the tenative draft of this government's proposal, now in the hands of Great Britain and France. Count Von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, conveyed this information to Secretary Knox and asked for a copy of the basic proposition of the United States.

WHITE HANDS OR RED HANDS, WHICH?

Red, rough hands on retiring usually become soft white hands on rising through the simple and economical one night treatmeut afforded by Cuticura soap and Cuticura ointment. Bathe and soak the hands on retiring, in a hot lather of Cuticura soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura ointment, and in severe cases spread the ointment on thin pieces of old linen or cotton. Wear during the night old, loose gloves, or a light bandage to protect the clothing. Most effective for chapped, itching and bleeding hands.

GIVEN 6 MONTHS GRACE

Standard Officials Will Not Be Prosecuted Criminally Within That Time.

Washington, May 26.—Attorney General Wickersham will reply to Senator Pomerene's resolution directing the attorney general to report to the senate if any action has been taken by the department to prosecute criminally the officials of the Standard Oil Co. The attorney general's reply will state:

1. No action has been taken to prosecute criminally any officers of the Standard Oil Co.

2. No action is pending to the end that any officers of the Standard Oil Co. are to be prosecuted criminally.

Attorney General Wickersham said today this does not mean that the officers of the Standard Oil Co. are not to be prosecuted criminally. It meant that he was going to answer categorically the questions asked in the resolutions and nothing more, he said.

It can be stated authoritatively that no criminal action will be brought against the officials of the Standard Oil Co. until after the expiration of the six months allowed the corporation for dissolution by the United States supreme court.

The attorney general is of the opinion that the officers of the Standard cannot be prosecuted criminally for their activity up to the time they gave their evidence in the civil suit. But whether the trust officials can be prosecuted criminally for violations of the Sherman anti-trust law between the time of the evidence in the civil suit and the date of the handing down of the decision of the United States supreme court is a matter which the administration is giving careful consideration.

Government Experts Select WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES

The tests by the Board of Experts, appointed by the Assistant Secretary of War to select the best rifle cartridges for use in the National Matches the coming Summer, were held at Sea Girt, N. J., recently. Various makes of cartridges were presented at the trials and after exhaustive tests those made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company were pronounced superior to all others and officially selected.

The mean radius of the 64 targets made with Winchester cartridges, 32 made at 600 yards and a like number at 1,000 yards, was 7.112 inches. Winchester Cartridges also won the test last year, the main radius of the targets made being 7.316 inches. The figures made last year were considered wonderful, but they were bettered at the tests held this year.

WHY SOME PREACHERS FAILED

One Crossed Legs and Another Did Not Comb Hair to Suit.

Lockport, N. Y., May 24.—The pastoral supply committee of the New York Congregational convention calls attention in its report to some unusual reasons given by some of the more important congregations for refusing to call certain ministers. One candidate is objected to by a congregation because he crossed his legs in the pulpit. Another congregation objected to the style in which a minister combed his hair, and one church refused a candidate because "he walked up the center aisle as though he were self-satisfied.

The meager salaries paid to preachers is held responsible by the committee for the fact that 100 churches in the state are without pastors. The average salary in the vacant pastorates is $500.

PROBE WILL SPLIT PARTIES

Washington, May 26.—The Lorimer case, temporarily side-tracked in the senate yesterday, but considered in Democratic caucus, promises to be threshed out on the floor today. There is a strong impression that the Martin Democratic resolution, perhaps modified in some of its details, will finally be adopted.

The regular Republicans, powerless to control the situation themselves, are said to prefer the Democratic proposition to that of Senator La Follette. Party lines will be split when the test comes, but a reinvestigation of Senator Lorimer's election is assured. Senator La Follette still hoped today to secure the adoption of his resolution providing for an investigation by a committee of new members of the senate. He had the floor privilege and purposed concluding the speech that he had been making in installments for several days.

WOOL DECISION BLOW TO MINORITY

Democratic Bill Will Make Average Cut of 50 Per Cent.

Washington, May 26.—Free wool Democrats have acknowledged defeat, so far as the ways and means committee is concerned. It became known that the committee has prepared a bill, which will be reported to a Democratic caucus not later than June 5, making an average cut of 50 per cent on both raw and manufactured wool. That the caucus will approve of this course is a practical certainty, for Representative Oscar W. Underwoood, of Alabama, has repeatedly said that the committee would not recommend a wool measure to the caucus which a previous poll of the Democrats of the house did not show could be ratified.

Underwood Has His Way.

Mr. Underwood has had his way entirely in the drafting of the wool bill. Speaker Champ Clark and all the conservative Democrats in congress have been on his side. On the other side have been William J. Bryan and his followers, such as Representative Ollie James, of Kentucky, and the eastern Democrats from the manufacturing districts, who believe in the Bryan doctrine of free raw materials.

Here are the main features of the Underwood wool bill: 20 to 30 per cent ad valorem duties on raw wool, according to classification; 30 to 50 per cent ad valorem duties on woolens. No duty in schedule "K" (the woolen schedule) to be greater than 50 per cent ad valorem. Low priced goods are to have the lowest duties. Blankets to pay a duty of 30 per cent ad valorem. Ad valorem duties in every instance in place of the specific duties of the Payne law.

Republicans Are Chagrined.

Republican members of the house and senate on hearing of the Democratic wool plans were much chagrined. They had hoped that the free wool men would carry the day, for they were certain that not even the most radical tariff reformer among the Republican insurgents would vote for free wool. On the other hand, the Democratic bill, drawn as it will be along conservative lines, will be certain to win many Republican insurgents who stand pledged to their constituents to vote to reduce the duties on wool.

The Democratic leaders are congratulating themselves on having reached so satisfactory a conclusion after the threatened break. When free wool was abandoned, more than a week ago, a compromise plan to put in a bill providing for a gradual reduction to free wool was considered. This the anti-Bryan men opposed on the ground that it would be a recognition of the Bryan theory of free raw wool. The anti-Bryan men stuck to their colors, and as a result came the victory for Mr. Underwood.

The Democrats are more determined than ever to insist that the senate pass upon their farmers' free list and wool bills before adjournment. They are daring the Republican senate to turn down either of these measures, and are figuring that whichever way the vote goes, so long as there is action, the Democrats cannot lose credit.

SHE FED DOGS AT SODA BAR

Rumpus With Proprietor Followed Which Leads to Court.

New York, May 29.—Two French poodle dogs were the focal point of trouble in the confectionery and ice cream parlor of Harry De Laport, Brooklyn, last night, which brought the actors in the little drama into the Gates Avenue court today and will be continued until next week. De Laport was charged with assaulting Mrs. Sophia Mattseldt, owner of the dogs.

Mrs. Mattseldt entered the store last night and ordered a chocolate frappe. She first fed herself and then the poodles, using the same spoon. According to De Laport, a young man in the place protested and then Mr. and Mrs. De Laport espoke to Mrs. Mattseldt. Soon afterward she went out, paying for the ice cream and throwing an extra nickel on the counter, presumably for the dish. It is alleged that the dish was thrown in the side door a few moments later. That brought matters to a head.

Mr. De Lopart went outside and there was a rumpus. He says that Mrs. Mattseldt struck him. She says he struck her and Magistrate Dodd will have to settle the dispute.

GIVES ALL FOR GIRL KILLED

Pastor Remorseful Because Auto Ran Down Child.

Glens Falls, N. Y., May 28.—The Rev. Thomas Grieves, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Greenwich, announced Sunday that he would sell all his possessions and turn over the proceeds to the parents of little Mary Maginn, of Saratoga Springs, whom he recently ran down and killed with his automobile. The car already has been sold and the rector's cottage at Riverside is on the market.

A conorer's jury held Mr. Grieves blameless for the accident.

SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT DEAD

Author of Many Popular Comic Operas Passes Away.

London, May 29.—Sir William Schwenck Gilbert, the British author and writer of comic opera librettas, died here this afternoon. He was born in 1836 and was knighted by King edward in 1907.

'ROOM IN HOUSE FOR US BOTH,' SAYS WIFE NO. 1 TO WIFE NO. 2

Pittsburg, Kas., May 26.—Peter C. Sharp and his two wives, Ann Catherine and Louisa, settled in the Sharp cottage today and told of their plans to live together as a happy family. Ann Catherine, the first Mrs. Sharp, returned to her husband yesterday after 40 years' separation, during which each had searched the country for the other.

Mr. Sharp lost his wife in the confusion of the Chicago fire in 1871. Through the pension rolls of the war department she found him recently and came here from her home in Oakland, Cal. Nine years ago, Sharp gave up Ann as dead and married again.

"If I thought my coming would displace Louisa, I would go back to my nursing the sick in Oakland," said Ann, as the three sat together in the garden today. "She has been a good wife, and married my husband in good faith. This is her home and I shall bring her no sorrow."

Louisa held Mr. Sharpe's wrinkled hand in hers. She is 60 years old. He is 82 and Ann 72. Louisa leaned across her husband's knees and patted Ann on the cheek.

"You will bring me no sorrow, my dear," Louisa said tearfully. "There is room in this house and garden for us both. I understand it all."

Sharp married his first wife in Johnsville, N. Y., in 1870. They decided to remove to California. She, with her daughter, went ahead to visit her brother in Chocago. The fire destroyed her brother's home. She, with her daughter, escaped with only the clothes they wore. The husband started on after them, but for 40 years found no trace.

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NEW YORK HANGS ON STEEL

Whether to Revive Prices Will Be Decided at Conference.

New York, May 29.—On a limited scale the steel trade of the country is being put to a test to determine whether concessions in prices are all that is necessary to stimulate consumption and start the trade on the road to recovery from the depression into which it has fallen.

An extension of this procedure to include all, or practically all, the steel products was regarded last week as the possible, by many the probable, outcome of the situation presented by the cut in steel bar prices made by the Republic Iron and Steel company and met by other corporations.

Conferences will be held this week at which it is expected the desirability at this time of a general revision of steel prices will be canvossed, and upon the decision reached on this question will depend whether the cuts made last week are to be regarded merely as incidents of the present dullness in the steel trade or as the first stage of the development of prime importance to the steel trade and the business of the country at large.

LORIMER'S DAUGHTER A BRIDE

Weds Ralph R. Graham at Chicago Thursday.

Chicago, May 25.—Miss Ethel Lorimer, daughter of Senator and Mrs. William Lorimer, 3700 Douglas boulevard, will be married to Ralph Richard Graham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Graham, 3340 Washington boulevard, this afternoon at 5 o'clock, in St. Agatha's church

WOMAN WHIPS AUTOISTS

Uses Lash on Five Men in Dispute Over Right of Way.

Centralia, Ill., May 25.—When a party of automobilists, including Fred and John Erbes, Claude Ennis, Arden Walls and Allen Copple, the first two being bank cashiers, refused to grant Mrs. H. Heimann, of Sandoval, the full roadway near the city, she stopped them, drew a buggy whip and gave the party a severe thrashing.

KISS AIRMAN ON WINNING FLIGHT

Spanish Women Caress the Winner of Paris to Madrid Race.

Madrid, May 26.—Pierre Vedrine, the French aviator, arrived at the Spanish capital from Burgos at 8:06 o'clock this morning, being the first contestant to complete the third stage of the Paris to Madrid aviation race. Gibert and Gallos are still stalled in the mountain fastnesses and it is not probable they will be able to finish within the time limit.

Women Caress Him.

Vedrine on landing at the Getafe aerodrome jumped from his aeroplane and flung himself on the ground to rest. A frantic crowd soon rushed up, however, and bore the victorious aviator on their shoulders to the tribunal. On reaching the judges' platform he was showered with roses and kissed repeatedly by women.

Later, on complaining that he was still numb from his flight, he was removed to an infirmary, where he received medical attention and a short but much needed rest.

Vedrine left the suburbs of Burgos in ideal weather this morning and flew over Aranda De Duero, 48 miles south of Burgos, at a good height and great speed. At Bocequillas, where the airman was greeted by a great crowd of wildly shouting peasants, Vedrine buckled down to the task of crossing the dreaded Somosierra Pass, which is 4,900 feet high. Higher and higher he climbed until he had attained an altitude of 6,500 feet. The birdman then, straight as an arrow, flew over the crags and snowcapped peaks until he reaches the immense pans of San Augustin. Having left the mountain ranges behind him, Vedrine dropped closer to the earth and finally reached the aerodrome at Getafe, where he alighted with the greatest ease amid the plaudits of thousands of enthusiastic spectators.

For Prize of $20,000.

The Paris to Madrid race was begun May 21, under the auspices of the Petit Parisien, which offered a prize of $20,000. In addition the Spanish Aero club gave prizes amounting to $10,000 and King Alfonso offered a special prize for the fastest speed over the Spanish section. The journey was divided into three stages, Paris to Angouleme, Angouleme to St. Sebastian and St. Sebastian to Madrid, a total distance of about 600 miles.

Twenty machines were entered for the race, but as a result of the tragic accident, when the start was made from the Issy-Lesh-Moulineaux aviation field, which resulted in the death of M. Berteaux, the French minister of war, and the serious injury to Premier Monis, all but three of the aviators withdrew. Of these three Pierre Vedrine, who reached the Spanish capital this morning, was the favorite. He covered the first stage of the contest, 279 miles, in 3 hours and 39 minutes, breaking all records for a long distance country flight.

The route was almost entirely over desolate ranges, the crags varying from 1,000 to 5,000 feet in height. A fall meant certain death, and it was practically impossible to make a fresh start in the mountainous country.

AUSTRIA RULER'S HEALTH

Vienna, May 29.—A change in the weather permitting Emperor Francis Joseph to go outdoors during the last three days, has resulted in a great improvement in the catarrhal condition from which he has been suffering, and the hopes is expressed by his physicians that the emperor will soon be entirely recovered.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, May 29.—Considering the copious rains over most of the winter growing district and the favorable conditions in the northwest, wheat opened comparatively strong today. At Chicago, May started 1c off at 99½c. There arose quite a shout on the local exchange when Chicago May touched a dollar about 10 o'clock. This is the highest level in many months. Early Liverpool cables were lower on heavier shipments than expected and the favorable European crop outlook. The amount shipped by Russia was heavy. Toledo cash and May regained what was lost at the outset by advancing ½c to 91c before 10 a. m. The futures failed to recover from initial losses early, July starting ⅝c off at 89¾c and Sept. ⅝c off at 88⅜c.

Excitement in May continued, the Chicago price going to $1.03 later in the day. The futures continued weak. At Chicago Wednesday 440 cars of wheat, 1456 of corn and 665 of oats are expected. Toledo May eased off near the close, cash and May closing ¼c off at 90¾c, July ¾c down at 89⅝c, Sept. 1c off at 88½c. Toledo cash and May sold up to 91¼c early in the session.

Showers through most of the belt weakened corn. Rainfall Sunday night in Toledo was 1-10 inch but in other parts of the corn territory, more was reported. May ½c off at 55½c, July ¾c off at 55½c and Sept. ⅝c down at 55⅜c.

Closing corn prices: Cash and May 55¼c, July 55c, Sept. 55½c, Dec. 53¼c.

Oats was about ¼c lower on the call, May opening at 37½c, July at 37⅜c and Sept. at 37¼c.

Cash and May oats finished at 37½c, July at 37⅜c, Sept. at 37¼c, Dec at 38¼c.

Cash clover seed remained steady at $10 but the futures were lower at the outset, Oct. opening 10c down at $8.45, and Dec. and March 12½c lower at $8.42½.

Clover seed continued to weaken, selling orders being numerous on the rains. Cash closed 25c off at $9.75 and the futures 25c lower at $8.35.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close. May 29	Close. May 27
Wheat—					
Cash	90½	91¼	....	90¾	91
May	90½	91¼	....	90¾	91
July	89¾	89¾	....	89⅝	90¼
Sept.	88¾	....	....	88½	89½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	55¼	56
May	55½	....	....	55¼	56
July	55¼	....	....	55	55⅞
Sept.	53⅝	53⅞	....	53½	56¼
Dec.	....	....	....	53¼	....
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	37¼	37⅝
May	37½	....	37	37⅛	37¾
July	37⅜	....	37¼	37⅛	38
Sept.	37¼	....	37	37⅛	37¼
Dec.	....	....	....	38¼	....
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.00	....	....	9.75	10.00
Oct.	8.45	....	....	8.35	8.55
Dec.	8.42½	....	....	8.35	8.55
March	8.42½	....	....	8.35	8.55
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.35	9.35
Aug.	....	....	....	9.00	8.35

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	99½	1.03⅛	....	1.03	99¾
July	88⅜	89¼	88⅛	88⅝	88⅛
Sept.	87⅝	87⅞	87⅛	87⅝	88⅛
Dec.	89½	89⅝	89⅛	89¼	90¼
Corn—					
May	53½	54	51⅞	52	54¼
July	53¼	53½	....	52⅞	53⅞
Sept.	53⅝	54	53½	53⅝	54¼
Dec.	52⅜	52⅝	51⅞	52	52½
Oats—					
May	35½	35⅝	35	35⅝	35⅞
July	35⅛	35⅝	35⅛	35⅝	35⅜
Sept.	35⅝	35⅛	35	35⅝	35⅜
Dec.	36⅛	36⅝	....	36⅜	36⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	95¾	96⅝
July	95⅞	....	....	95¼	96

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	92	....	91	91	92¼
July	85⅝	....	....	85¼	86⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	94	95¼
July	....	....	....	95¾	96⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	97¼	98¾
July	....	....	....	97¼	98¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork.					
July	14.90	14.92	14.85	14.87	14.95
Sept.	....	....	....	....	14.40
Lard.					
May	8.12	....	....	8.07	8.17
July	8.20	....	....	8.15	8.22
Sept.	8.27	8.30	....	8.25	8.30
Ribs.					
July	7.95	7.97	7.85	7.92	7.97
Sept.	7.92	8.00	....	7.87	7.95
May	7.90	7.92	....	7.85	7.97
Jan.	7.10	....	....	7.10	....

Money and Stocks.

New York, May 29.—(Wall Street.)—United States Steel was slightly lower at the opening of the stock market today, 10,000 shares being sold in the first five minutes at a decline of ⅝. Most of the other active stocks were firm. Canadian Pacific was the strongest, advancing 1⅝.

The general run of fluctuations did not amount to much and the market was not influenced by the buoyancy of Canadian Pacific and several industrials. Canadian Pacific touched 237½; its best record.

Heaviness of United States Steel, which sold down nearly a point, held the stock market in check this morning, and the tone became dull and hesitating. Holders of United States Steel were led to sell by fears of further unsettlement of the steel and iron trade and by uncertainty as to whether more price reductions would follow today's meeting of manufacturers. Trading also was restricted by the belief that the supreme court would announce its decision in the American Tobacco case today, and there was also the usual curtailment of operations preceding a holiday. Reading sold off with United States Steel, but there was no sign of weakness elsewhere, prices holding close to Saturday's final figures. Renewal of the upward movement in Canadian Pacific was to the elegant crop prospects over the border. Bond were irregular.

New York Stocks.

New York, May 29, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	120½	120½	120½	120½
Atchison	114	114½	113½	114
Am. Car and F. Co.	56	56	56	56
Anaconda	40	40	40	40
Amal. Copper	67¾	67¾	67	67⅜
Am. Smelters	80⅝	80⅞	80⅝	80⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	58⅝	58⅝	58¼	58¾
Am. Tel. and Tel.	148⅜	148¾	148⅝	148⅞
Am. Tobacco pfd.	101⅜	101½	101¼	101½
Am. Cotton Oil	50⅝	51	50¾	51
Am. Beet Sugar	54¼	54¼	53¾	54
Biscuit com.	136	136	135¼	135¼
Balt. and Ohio	106⅜	106⅝	106⅜	106⅜
Blyn. R. Trans.	79⅝	80¼	79⅝	80
Chicago and G. W.	21	21	21	21¼
Canadian Pac.	236⅝	238¼	236¼	237⅞
Clover Leaf	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝
Colorado Fuel	33⅜	33⅜	33⅜	35⅝
Ches. and Ohio	82½	82½	82½	82½
Central Leather	31⅛	31⅜	31⅛	31⅜
Consolidated Gas	145¼	145¼	145¼	145¼
Can. pfd.	87⅝	87⅞	87⅝	87⅞
Corn Product com.	15	15⅛	15	15⅛
Del. and Hudson	170½	170¼	170¼	170¾
Distillers Sec.	36⅞	36⅞	36⅛	36⅛
Erie com.	32⅜	33¼	32⅞	32¼
Erie 1st pfd.	50⅞	52⅜	50⅞	51⅜
Erie 2nd pfd.	40⅞	41⅞	40⅞	41⅞
Gt. Northern pfd.	129¼	129¼	129¼	129¾
Gt. Northern Ore	62¼	62¼	62¼	62¼
Int. Harvester com.	126½	126¾	125¾	125¾
Interborough com.	19	19	19	19
Interborough pfd.	82¼	82¼	82¼	82¼
Lehigh Val. com.	34⅜	34⅜	34⅛	34⅛
Laclede Gas	106¼	106⅝	106¼	106⅜
Merc. Marine pfd.	17¼	17¼	17¼	17¼
Missouri Pacific	49⅜	50¼	49⅜	50¼
M. S. P. and S. S. M.	137⅜	138¼	137⅜	138¼
M. K. & T. com.	34⅜	34½	34⅜	34⅜
North. Pacific	128⅞	128⅞	128¼	128⅜
Nevada Con's.	19⅛	19⅜	19⅛	19⅛
N. Y. Central	108	108	108	108
N. & W. com.	108	108	108	108
N. & W. Ry. 4's	107¼	107¼	107¼	107¼
Ont. & Western	42⅞	42⅞	42⅞	42⅞
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	35	35	35	35
Penn. Ry.	121⅜	121¾	121¼	121¾
People's Gas Co.	105½	105½	105½	105½
Reading com.	159⅝	159⅝	158⅜	159⅝
Rock Island	32⅜	32⅞	32¼	32⅞
Rep. I. & S. Co.	30	30¼	30	30⅛
South. Ry.	29	29½	29	29
South. Ry. pfd.	67¼	67¾	67¼	67¼

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MANY BEASTS BURN IN FIRE

New York, May 27.—Coney Island, the playground of New York, suffered the worst fire disaster of its history, early today.

Dreamland, the largest of the amusement parks, was wiped out, and about four blocks adjoining, covered with booths, restaurants, hotels, moving picture theatres and resorts of various types were destroyed.

The fire broke out at 2 o'clock and was not under control until three hours and a half later. The loss will amount to between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000.

In all, about 200 buildings were burned. No lives were lost.

The burned area represents nearly a third of the resort.

The fire was discovered in the tarred scaffoldings of "Hell Gate," a scenic railway, close to the entrance of Dreamland. Twenty minutes after a frightened watchman had turned in three alarms in quick succession all Dreamland—10 acres of gaudy, closely packed buildings, was one great blaze.

Close to "Hell Gate," where the fire started, was the Bostock animal show and nearer yet the infant incubator, a charity nursery in which were six wee infants and their attendants.

Infants Taken Out.

The children were taken out in their glass houses and carried out of danger. Then came the work of taking out the animals, a costly collection, including several dangerous man-eaters. The animals were in a panic. Their roaring could be heard above the crackling of the flames and the throbbing of the engines.

The trainers lost no time. While policemen with drawn revolvers stood at the entrance to guard the crowd in the streets against any beasts that might escape, the attendants drove their charges from the cages down the runways into the emergency vans which are always ready.

All went well until the transfer was nearly concluded. Then the biggest of the lions smashed his way through the barriers and leaped into the street, packed by a throng of spectators.

He Dives Into Throng.

He dived straight into the middle of the throng. Consternation seized the multitude and the crowd pushed pell mell in all directions. A mounted policeman came at the crouching beast in the center of the wide avenue with drawn revolver. Twice he shot and twice missed, the lion backing away from the glare and noise of the explosions.

Then six more mounted policemen lined up in front of the crowd and opened a fusilade. Backing away, snarling and leaving a trail of blood from many wounds, the lion made his way across the avenue into the dark wooden tunnels of "The Rocky Road to Dublin."

Under African Painting.

In a black corner beneath painted scenery of equatorial Africa he made his last stand. Three final volleys were required to finish him and he sank to the ground riddled like a selve. To make sure he was dead, one of the policemen pulled down a fire ax from behind the scenery and smashed his skull.

As soon as the crowd was assured that the lion was no more, they rushed in and literally tore the carcass to bits for souvenirs. The first man on the scene tok the tasseled tail, the next three divided the long mane and 50 men fought for the honor of possessing one of his teeth.

The flight of the big lion had interrupted the work of the animal men and 60 of the 105 animals perished.

Tavern Falls Into Lake.

Almost before the firemen had their hose connected to the high pressure taps along the street, the great Dreamland tower, with its glare of many thousand electric bulbs, fell into the lake and the fire swept on beyond the bounds of Dreamland to the horde of little booths and concessions which lined the narrow streets beyond. The Dreamland pier, jutting far out into the ocean, with its burden of stands and booths, was swept clean to its steel foundations.

The only casualties reported by the police were three persons overcome by the smoke, one a fireman and the other two nurses in the incubator hospital. All three were revived without difficulty.

FALSE EYE BLOWN UP IN HEAD

Celluloid Thought to Have Been Used in Man's Optic.

Allentown, Pa., May 29.—The false eye worn by Building Inspector Frank R. Minner exploded Sunday as he sat chatting with a friend. Minner fell in a swoon.

His companion was at a loss to know what had happened until blood began to flow from the inspector's eye socket.

Minner was rushed to a hospital. It is feared that particles of glass have penetrated his brain, in which event serious results are looked for. He is still unconscious.

The theory is advanced that celluloid had been substituted for glass in the making of the eye and that the heat of the body caused the explosion.

UNCOVER PLOT TO RUIN NEW MEXICO RULE

Friends of Madero Expose Scheme to Start a New Revolution—American Is Arrested.

El Paso, Texas, May 29.—Revelations of an alleged plot to start another revolution in Mexico after overthrowing the leadership of Francisco I. Madero, Jr., and preventing his journey to Mexico City created intense excitement throughout the insurrecto army today.

That Madero has been advised of certain facts not generally known is believed by some to explain the delay in his departure to the capital to consult with President De La Barra concerning the pressing problems connected with the reorganization of the government, although Senor Madero himself declared he postponed his trip merely to await the installation of the provisional governors.

American Is Arrested.

The plot which resulted last night in the arrest of Daniel De Villiers, of Mexico City, at El Paso, and of W. F. Dunn, an American, at Monterey, Mexico, is said to include three insurrecto chiefs operating in the state of Coahuila.

A telegram from Monterey today states that Dunn, on Madero's orders, has been placed in communicado for 72 hours. De Villiers is held in the El Paso jail on charges of "conspiracy to murder Francisco I. Madero, Jr."

Details of Plot.

According to General Benjamine Villjoen, the Boer veteran, who is Madero's chief military adviser, the scheme was that Villjoen and General Orozco were to desert Madero and start a new revolutionary movement. This was to be joined by certain insurrecto leaders now in the field, together with a federal general known to be friendly to the "Cientifico" party. It was represented to him, General Villjoen asserts, that great quantites of arms and ammunition were stored in the mines of Coahmila in anticipation of the new outbreak and that success was assured, "as Madero would never reach Mexico City."

Behind the arrest of the two alleged conspirators last night is the story of several weeks of conferences and the exchange of many telegrams. Soon after the battle of Juarez General Villjoen received a telegram from Mexico City saying the "government wants to make a proposition."

The telegram was signed "Valliers."

Madero was informed of the telegram, and it was decided to give every encouragement to those behind the overtures. Villjoen accordingly sent a reply stating that he "was open to receive propositions."

"Watch Rebel Chief."

This was followed by a telegram from De Villiers, instructing Villejoen "to watch the rebel chief, note by what route he comes and when he leaves. Make friends with Orozco. There is a fortune in sight for us."

Shortly after this, two men appeared in El Paso and secretly met Villjoen and Orozco, who professed their willingness to enter the plot. Villjoen declared he was to receive $25,000 and Orozco a like amount. Money was given them for current expenses, Villjoen receiving $480 and Orozco $200. Dunn, who was one of the pair, Villjoen asserts, translated to them a cipher message which read:

"Last message at hand. Rosen working, working fast for change of federal city. Do not worry about financial end, of which will take care. Would advise direct action Diaz at early time. Be very careful slip. Continue advising and act as you think best. Mexico City man says Agent Figuero Bros. coming you from South.

(Signed) "Adolfo."

The message, it was expected, came from the agent of the conspiracy at Mexico City. The reference to Diaz was not explained by General Villjoen.

POSTAL DEFICIT IS WIPED OUT

Fiscal Year Will Show Surplus of $1,000,000.

Washington, May 29.—For the first time in the history of the service the deficit in the postoffice department has been wiped out and $1,000,000 surplus for the current fiscal year, ending June 30 next, is in the treasury.

Postmaster General Hitchcock signed a warrant returning to the secretary of the treasury $3,000,000, the last of the amount set apart from the public funds to assist in defraying the expenses of the postal service for the present fiscal year.

Reforms in the financial system, it is said, have made the refund possible.

BANDITS BURN YANKEE

Mexicans, Refused Money, Kill Man by Stake.

San Francisco, Cal., May 29.—Refusing to comply with demands for money made by a band of bandits at Ajuno, Michoacan, a Pacific coast state, Rebert J. Sweasey, an American superintendent of the Central railroad of Michoacan, was burned at the stake on May 16, according to the story of Joseph Hansfelder, one of the refugees who arrived yesterday on the steamer Newport from Manzanillo.

Hansfelder says that the bandits had made demands for money of every American in the district. Some complied, but Sweasey refused to pay. Hansfelder declares that he made his way to Sweasey's house, three miles distant from his own here on May 19 and found the house burned to the ground and Sweasey's body lashed to a post in the midst of the burning embers.

Mrs. Sweasey had disappeared and is believed to have been taken prisoner by the bandits and held for ransom.

Fearing his own house would be attacked, Hansfelder, with his family, made his way to Manzanillo and took passage for the United States. Sweasey is believed by Hansfelder to have been a former resident of San Diego.

Maccabee "Father" Dead

MAJOR N. S. BOYNTON.

MAJOR BOYNTON DIES OF CANCER

Port Huron, Mich., May 29.—Following a week's critical illness Major N. S. Boynton, founder of the Knights of the Modern Maccabees, died at his home here at 11:30 o'clock Saturday night. The end was expected and the members of the family were at the bedside.

Major Boynton has been in ill-health for more than two years, but two weeks ago he was suddenly attacked with the grip and steadily lost in strength until Saturday night, when the death came quietly. He had long been troubled with a cancer.

Major Boynton had been known throughout the length and breadth of Michigan for many years as "Father" Boynton, and with the spread of the fraternal order with which he had been connected all his life, became widely known throughout the United States. He was born in Port Huron in 1837 and that city was his life-long home.

Major Boynton served during the Civil war, returning to his home afterward to engage in business. He laid the foundation for the Knights of the Modern Maccabees in 1878 and the order has had a rapid growth. The Maccabees of the World is a branch.

Major Boynton's last illness dated from the time of the grand review of the Knights of the Modern Maccabees in Toledo, four years ago, when he collapsed after long hard work in behalf of fraternalism.

The funeral will be held Tuesday, with services at the residence at 3 p. m., in charge of the Masons, despite the fact that he was the "father of the Maccabees." Members from various fraternal organizations will attend, however, and Maccabees from all over Michigan and other cities will meet at their national headquarters here and attend in a body.

Major Boynton was promoted from the position of captain of the Eighth Michigan cavalry for meritorious service in the capture of General John Morgan in Ohio after that rebel chief had evaded several other tacticians in his destructive and terrifying raids through the Buckeye and neighboring states.

CONGRESS LOSES TRAIL OF MONEY

Washington, May 29. — Albert Rosenthal, a Philadelphia portrait painter, today startled the house committee which is investigating expenditures in the state department with the charge that he was paid only $850 for a portrait of Associate Justice William R. Day, former secretary of state, while the state department records contain a voucher and receipt indicating that he was paid $2,450.

According to Rosenthal he painted the Day portrait in 1904, having had an understanding with Mr. Day that he was to receive $850 for it. After the delivery of the portrait, he testified William H. Michael, then chief clerk of the department, and now consul general at Calcutta, sent to him a blank state department voucher, which, at Michael's request, he signed. He then received a check for $850.

"I think it was Michael's personal check," said Mr. Rosenthal.

GIRL ASLEEP FOR SIX WEEKS

Vandalia, Ill., Woman's Ailment Baffles Physicians.

Vandalia, Ills., May 29.—Miss Hazel Schmidt, daughter of former Ald. Schmidt, of this city, has slept almost continuously for six weeks. At the beginning of her illness she was seized with severe pains in the head and stomach and then would lapse into semi-consciousness. She feared she was going into a trance and begged her parents not to let her go to sleep. Her case has baffled the skill of her physicians.

MORGAN PRESENTED TO KING

Financier Makes Acquaintance of Edward's Successor.

London, May 29.—Several Americans were presented by Ambassador Reid to King George at a levee held today at St. James palace. They were J. Pierpont Morgan, who was a frequent attendant at the British court during the reign of King Edward; Albert Cook Myers, of Moylan, Pa.; Edward Bringhurst, of Philadelphia, and William Forbes Morgan, of New York. Mr. Reid was accompanied by the members of the American embassy staff.

RAILWAY HOURS LAW GOOD

Supreme Court Upholds Measure as to Employes' Service.

By the Associated Press.

Washington, May 29.—The "hours of service law for railroad employes," passed by congress in 1907, was upheld today as constitutional by the supreme court of the United States. This decision was announced by Justice Hughes in the test suit instituted by the Baltimore & Ohio Co.

DE LA BARRA IS NOT A CANDIDATE

Provisional President of Mexico Says He Won't Run for Office.

Mexico City, May 26.—Francisco Leon De La Barra, the Mexican foreign minister and former ambassador at Washington, took the oath of office as provisional president of the republic today. He will act as the chief executive in succession to Porfirio Diaz, who resigned yesterday, until a general election can be held.

Senor De la Barra was escorted from the National palace to the chamber of deputies, where the oath of office was administered by the members of the staff of former President Diaz.

The staff officials had resigned days ago, but had asked permission to escort the provisional president to the scene of his inauguration. The new chief executive was accompanied by Gen. E. Rascon, who took the oath as minister of war earlier in the day.

Most of the distinguished personages in the capital were present, including the diplomatic corps in full regalia headed by the American ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, the dean of the corps.

City Orderly All Night.

Owing to the fact that Mexico City was orderly throughout the night, despite the magnitude of the crowd which celebrated the change in administration, business men this morning prepared to resume their occupations on a normal basis.

Shutters were removed from the windows for the first time in two days, and the morning sunlight, like a good omen, cast its rays through the open facings of the buildings, brightening considerably the appearance of the business districts.

A large crowd gathered about the chamber of deputies for Senor De La Borra and General Madero while the oath was being administered.

Don't Need Rebel Soldier.

It is now regarded as certain that Alfredo Robles Dominguez, General Madero's representative here, and who is virtually the military commander of the federal district, will not find it necessary to call in the revolutionary forces from the cities of Guernavaca and Pachuca for the purpose of maintaining order.

The police and soldiers are acting under the direction of Senor Dominguez with as much readiness as if they had never known any other superior.

Diaz Health Better.

General Diaz's condition was reported as improved this morning. The inflammation in his face is said to have subsided greatly and the fever to have disappeared. Members of the retired president's family expressed the belief that he will be able to sail for Europe from Vera Cruz by the last of the month.

General Enrique Toddella, sub-director of the military college, today was appointed chief of staff to Provisional President De La Barra.

Before resigning his office yesterday as minister of finance, Jose Ives Limantour exhibited to Jaime Guerza, the new sub-secretary of the treasury $60,400,000 in gold in the vaults of the treasury. Senor Limantour turned over all the government funds in his possession, taking Senor Guerza's receipt.

The passing of President Diaz last night was one of the most dramatic events in the history of Mexico. The venerable ruler was still confined to his palace, which was hedged about with strong guards of mounted police and soldiers, while across the zocale machine guns were masked ready to deal with any further outbreak such as that of the night before.

Popular excitement was at a high pitch, but was held in check by the patriotic appeals of Madero's personal representative, Senor Dominguez, for the maintenance of order and the dignity of the cause. Crowds surged about the chamber of deputies awaiting the word of Diaz's final action.

Crowd Gets Word.

Inside the chamber there was an impressive scene, as President Diaz's resignation, finally and completely relinquishing the reins of power, was presented and accepted, followed by the presentation and acceptance of Vice President Corral's resignation.

Immediately word was carried to the waiting crowds outside, which broke into wild demonstrations of enthusiasm, accompanied by the clanging of the great bell in the cathedral and a salute of cannon. Surging messes of people paraded the streets, carrying banners and emblems of Madero with wreaths of flowers and other symbols of the final success of the revolution. Here and there were scattered affrays, but in the main the demonstration was one of enthusiastic approval and rejoicing.

De La Barra Won't Run.

Francisco Leon De la Barra took up the reins of government in an open letter addressed to the Mexican people, acknowledging his election as provisional president and declaring his purpose not to be a candidate for either president or vice president when a general election should be called.

The entire cabinet of President Diaz followed the action of its chief in presenting their resignations. Thus was the riotous demonstration of the night before followed quickly by the orderly and enthusiastic transition from the old Diaz regime to the new one.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO WILL COST $20,000,000

New Orleans, La., May 26.—The revolution in Mexico will cost approximately $20,000,000 (American) or more, according to Policarpo Bonilo, former president of Honduras, who recently arrived in this city from Mexico City. He is not optimistic of Mexico's future.

"It looks as though peace will come to Mexico," said he, "but I doubt that it will be permanent. I fear the hasty exit of Diaz from the presidency will give rise to many rival ambitions when the Mexicans find themselves relieved of the restraint to which they were subjected by the former chieftain. Only fear of American intervention will prevent this."

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Succeeds Diaz as Mexican President

Senor Francisco Leon De La Barra.

TAFT TOURS FOR 1912

President to Travel Over Country This Fall.

Washington, May 29.—As having a probable bearing upon his renomination in 1912, President Taft's plans for the coming fall are attracting unusual attention. The President is rapidly accepting invitations to speak in various parts of the country and the indications are that he will make a long swing through the west.

Today the President told Senator Smoot, of Utah, that he expected to accept an invitation to visit Salt Lake City in September, when the annual state reception to old home folks is being held.

The White House travel book already shows engagements which will carry the President into Kansas and from there to Utah. Although no engagements for stops in Nebraska or Colorado have yet been made, it is likely they will be.

On his western trip the President undoubtedly will talk about his administration and what it has accomplished. Definite plans for a tour have not been made and probably will not be until July. Secretary Hilles then expects to map out the details. It is said the trip may take the President as far as the Pacific coast. An invitation to visit Port Huron, Mich., some time in September also accepted by President Taft today.

A War Slogan.

National Magazine.

It was during the days when the President was wrestling with the message. It seemed as if unexpected kinks would occur after paragraph upon paragraph had been carefully "ironed out" and then something else would appear to open the forms again—more reports would be needed and more information from the different departments. The slogan seemed to be "Curtail! Curtail!" until it seemed as if things would never "come right."

But during all the trying period Secreaary Knox could not lose his sense of humor, and as he began his fourteenth trip across Executive avenue to be conferred with for the thirty-fourth time, someone told him of an acquaintance who had sold his political birthright for "a mess of pottage."

"Yon don't say," commented the secretary with a smile playing about the corners of his mouth. "Well, I know a man who's just now watching the political caldron, busy with a pot of message."

Scottish Pearls.

London Chronicle.

A number of people in Scotland make a livelihood by searching for the precious stones which are occasionally to be found ensconced in the interior of fresh water mussels. To a lesser extent it is also carried out on some English and Welsh streams, but none of these is so prolific in pearl bearing as the northern rivers.

There are authentic records of Scottish pearls being found which rivaled any the Orient has produced so far as translucency and flawlessness are concerned. A writer of the eighteenth century states that £20,000 was a moderate estimate of the value of pearls then fished annually from Scottish rivers; while it is a matter of history that a German who formed a syndicate of fishers in 1865 acquired stones to the value of £12,000 in that year alone. But the industry is not so remunerative nowadays.

A Lament for Youth.

From the forests of the night
From the palace of the day,
He hath winged a distant flight;
No more looms he on our sight,
No more bows he to our sway.
He was cunning in the mart,
He was mighty with the sword,
He was skilled in every art,
Like a king he dwelt apart,
And we fathomed not his word.
Weep for him, each denizen.
Of the valley and the hill,
Of the forest and the fen!

For he cometh not again
To our glory or our ill.
Wake the echo of the lyre
And the melody of song
With a full and tragic fire!
For our yearning shall not tire
Till it mourneth sweet and long,
Till the weary desert's verge
And the shaggy mountain's head
And the quiet crooning surge
Hear, and answer to the dirge
Of our youth that now is dead.
—Westminster Gazette.

MADERO IS CALLED

President De La Barra, of Mexico, Sends for Leader of Insurrectos.

Juarez, May 27.—Francisco I. Madero, Jr., today received a long message from President De La Barra urging him to come to Mexico City as soon as possible. He inquired also if Dr. Vasquez Gomez had started for the capital and the probable time of his arrival. Dr. Gomez already is en route to Mexico City.

President De La Barra also stated he had wired Gov. Valle, of Coahuila, suggesting that he request the legislature of the state of Coahuila to proceed at once to elect Venustiano Carranza as provisional governor.

Senor Madero earlier today had been advised that the legislature of Coahuila still refused to name Carranza, suggesting Oscar Garza and declaring that envoys would be sent to Juarez to discuss the matter if Senor Madero desired. The latter replied that Carranza was his choice and demanded that he be named forthwith lest an advance on the town of Satillo, the state capital, be ordered.

Mexico City, May 27.—Porfirio Diaz, for whom during 30 years all Mexico has stood to one side, hat in hand, stole from the capital with great secrecy at 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Only a few devoted friends whom he dared to trust followed him to the station. He was bound for Vera Cruz to take ship for Spain. In the distance he could hear the voices of a few of the more enthusiastic celebrants who were still acclaiming the new president, Francisco Leon de la Barra, and shouting "Vivi Madero."

So carefully were the arrangements made for the ex-president's escape that details could not be confirmed until afternoon. Secrecy was due less to apprehension of a popular outburst here than to a desire to reach Vera Cruz without the fact being known to marauding bands along the route.

Travel between this city and the seaport usually is over the Mexican railroad, standard gauge line with modern equipment. Rails along this route, however, frequently have been removed of late by bandits who were determined that Diaz, for reasons best known to themselves, should not leave the capital. They are reported to have harbored the idea that Diaz would follow the precedent of other Latin-American presidents and carry the national funds with him.

There is another railroad to the coast, a narrow gauge affair owned by the government. Taking it for granted that Diaz would take the more luxurious route, the inhabitants have not molested it. For this reason it was chosen by the ex-president for his trip.

General Diaz, still feeble from his illness and far from being a well man, left his home at 2 o'clock in the morning. A more dreary leave-taking could scarcely be imagined. Rain had fallen earlier in the night and by the time the ex-president emerged from his home the air was chilly. He was closely muffled and to aid the disguise, a borrowed automobile was used. The route to the San Lazaro station had been mapped out over unfrequented streets.

By a prearranged scheme, at the last moment, police were scattered along the line. At certain points the close friends of the former chief executive, including those who are to accompany him across the Atlantic, fell in behind his limousine.

Three trains were used, the first acting as pilot. The Diaz special followed, and some time later a third train, occupied by a detachment of the Twenty-fifth infantry, set out.

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To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great bargains of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail, postpaid, for ONLY $2.95. Double hunting case, richly engraved and gold finished throughout. Genuine 20-year guaranteed full seven ruby jeweled movement. Quick train lever escapement, enamel dial with Roman or Arabic numerals, new wind and stem set, a marvelously correct timekeeper. In addition to the watch and without any extra charge whatever we send five Miles Certificates worth a dollar each, which used as part payment on purchases from our catalogue. Send this advertisement to us with your name and address and $2.95, and watch and certificates will be sent by return mail postpaid. State whether roman or Elgin Watches are wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., JEWELERS, 588 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

watch or a ladies' watch and order today as this advertisement may not appear again.

MAPLEINE FLAVORING

Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

When the Indian Princess Travels

London Globe.

Mystery and secrecy surrounded the landing at Dover on Saturday from the French mail packet of her Royal Highness the Begum of Chopal.

The party altogether numbered about 20 persons, including her highness' physician, astrologer, cooks and other officials connected with her court. Her personal suite numbered three ladies.

They were picturesquely dressed in different colors. The princess was clothed entirely in white silk. Another lady's dress was all green, and all wore headdresses with long veils, which enveloped nearly the whole of the body, a kind of peephole being left for the eyes.

Her highness was practically smuggled ashore. The special train was brought up to the ship, so that the door of the saloon exactly faced the gangway. The utmost care was taken by the courier conducting the party to prevent the ladies being closely observed by men, who were kept at a distance; not even the captain or any officer of the ship being allowed near the gangway.

Swimming Ghosts.

London Globe.

Lecturing before the Camera club, Dr. Francis Ward said that, in an attempt to photograph fish in their natural surroundings, he had constructed a pond with an observation chamber let in at the side, below the surface of the water. Through the window of this chamber unseen by the fish he could watch and photograph their movements. He discovered by this means that the protection of fish when in their natural state is much more thorough than is generally supposed.

All silvery fish were in reality merely mirrors in the water, reflecting the tone and color of their surroundings so as to appear to their fellow fish gray, unsubstantial, swimming ghosts, hardly to be distinguished at all. It was only when the dace, for example, rose to the surface, causing its body to reflect light, that the pike at the bottom of the pond could see and go for its little victim.

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains; sprocket and pedals; New Departure Coaster Brake and Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest price equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed five years. FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $5 to $8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. We ship you the bicycle you select for approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U.S. without a cent in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

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Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B 64 CHICAGO

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We will give this beautiful gold finished extension bracelet and gold laid four-stone ring to anyone who sells only 12 packages of our Souvenir Post Cards at 10c a pkg. Write for cards today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

REGAL MFG. CO., Dept. A 38 CHICAGO, ILL.

STEM WIND & SET WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give FREE A STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, real in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American make, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an imi. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. CHICAGO

STEM WIND & SET WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give FREE A STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, real in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American make, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an imi. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WELLS MFG. CO. Dept. 20 Chicago

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Our FREE Book of Advice tells you how to avoid the misery of wearing Leg-strap appliances and Spring Trusses like shown above and how the Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles while Holding with ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable; sent under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, NO plaster, NO leg-strap. Write NOW for this great Rupture Book, which took us 40 years to learn all the facts—cloth bound—free to you with 4000 Public Endorsements on this safe and simple Home Cure. When writing, give our box number—

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These Four BEAUTIFUL PICTURES FREE!

IF you love nature and animals and outdoor life, we will send you without charge these four beautiful pictures which retail at 50 cents each. These pictures are wonderful examples of the art of color photography, being printed on heavy plate paper by the most improved process. Framed at moderate cost they will make splendid decorations for den or cozy corner, or they can be used just as they are in any room of the house. The subjects represented are such as will appeal to nature lovers generally. Exact size of pictures, 10½x7½ inches.

Why We Make This Offer.

The object of this offer is to acquaint you with our new "Library of Natural History" which has recently been published, after years of labor and at an enormous expense. It is the only work of its kind in existence illustrated from actual photographs, of which it contains over 2,000, besides many full-page plates showing birds and animals in their natural colors. Every living creature on the earth—animal and man—is described and pictured in this Library. In many cases special expeditions armed with cameras and dry plates had to be sent to foreign lands to secure the photographs from which the illustrations were made. The work is not technical or dry, but teems with the most interesting and instructive stories of animal life, told by famous naturalists and explorers. Over 2,000,000 copies have already been sold in Germany and England.

You Incur No Obligation.

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the library. We will forward the pictures, together with a description of the books, by mail postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers; this Society transacts all its business by correspondence. As an evidence of good faith, enclose 10 cents (stamps or silver) for postage and wrapping. This will be refunded if you request it after examining the pictures. Mail the accompanying coupon promptly, as the supply of pictures is limited, and this advertisement will not appear again.

Do Not Confuse These With Cheap Pictures. They Sell at Art Stores for 50 Cents Each.

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Please send me, postpaid, the four pictures you offer, together with a description of the "Library of Natural History." I enclose 10 cents for postage and wrapping, which you agree to refund if I am not perfectly satisfied. It is understood that the sending of this coupon does not in any way bind me to buy anything. Blade 6—1

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